JULY 4, 1955

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

PHOTOGRAPHER Jerry Cooke took the portrait of Ch. Kippax Fearnought which is on our cover this week the morning after the great bulldog had won the best-in-show at the Westminster Kennel Club's 79th competition in New York last February. From a conversation I had with Cooke a few days later I learned that the assignment offered its problems.

"His owner, Dr. John Saylor," Cooke said, "promised that he would bring Fearnought to my studio at 10 in the morning. At 9:30 the doorbell rang. Three men in violent-colored shirts, porkpie hats and long cigars stood in front of a mass of lamps, wires and boxes. Newsreel photographers. A few minutes later another crew appeared, identical down to the last cigar. Television photographers. Then the elevator gave forth with newspaper photographers, a TIME researcher, a lot more equipment and a representative of the electricians' union, whose by now welcome contribution to the growing circus was to say, 'No one here can touch any lights, that's for sure.'

"Before this discouraged anyone enough to leave, Fearnought himself made his entrance at 10 on the dot. He eyed the confusion with sad resignation, stepped onto a platform and promptly fell asleep, snoring with championship vigor. It seems that he had spent the night and early morning on the town, reeling from one round of television shows to another, and had got at the most three hours' sleep.

"While the TIME researcher held Dr. Saylor at bay in one corner with a barrage of questions, everyone else stuck around to make sure Fearnought couldn't get away. My assistant and I managed to rouse Fearnought long enough for eight or nine exposures, although he breathed more heavily by the minute.



"Finally, with the pictures done, everyone went downstairs where by now several movie-equipment trucks, patrol cars and a gathering crowd of bystanders had created a genuine Hollywood sidewalk scene. I met a man who claimed I owed him two dollars and, too weak to argue, I paid him.

"The TIME researcher was still making notes as Fearnought left for the noon plane to California. He probably slept all the way.

"As a matter of fact, I went back to bed myself."

Harry Phillips

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Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

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COVER: CH. KIPPAX FEARNOUGHT

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

When Bulldog Kippax Fearnought waddled into the arena of the Westminster Dog Show at Madison Square Garden and lined up for the final judging next to an Afghan hound and a springer spaniel, he looked like an out-of-place Mack truck parked between a Thunderbird and an MG. But it took Judge Albert E. Van Court just 20 minutes to decide that this was the best bulldog he had ever seen. The first of his breed to win the nation's top dog award in 42 years, Kippax has since retired to stud. A report on this ancient and much misunderstood breed appears on page 28.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BASEBALL'S ALL-STAR GAME

Its history and prospects, examined by Red Smith, plus four pages of stars in color

A BRAND NEW TROUT FOR FLY FISHERMEN

Gilbert Pouet tells the exciting story of the creation of a hybrid called the Wendigo

ALAS! THERE'S A DEFICIT AT HAPPY KNOLL

J. P. Marquand, impersonating an anguished director, writes an appeal for contributions

SCOREBOARD A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Acnie Sowell**, soft-striding Pitt speedster, rushed into early lead, outran country's top half-milers in 1:47.6 for new AAU record, became third runner to better 880-yard world mark this year in National AAU championships at Boulder, Col. *(see page 13)*. ● **Harold Connolly**, Boston University graduate student who recently became first American to surpass 200 feet in 16-pound hammer throw (SI, June 27), got off tremendous heave of 199 feet 8 inches; **Bob Backus**, NYAC strongman, threw 56-pound weight 43 feet 5 inches; **Bud Held** of San Francisco Olympic Club tossed javelin 260 feet 3 inches; **Rod Richard**, fast-breaking Army sprinter, barreled 220 yards around turn in 21 flat, for records in same meet. ● **Fernando Ledesma**, slightly-built USC junior, stepped off two miles in 8:57.7 to break Wes Santee's college standard in Pacific Coast Conference-Big Ten competition at Berkeley, Calif. ● **Jon Hendricks**, flashy Australian swim star, churned through 100-meter freestyle in 0:55.8 to crack American long-course record day after setting 200-meter freestyle mark with 2:06.9; in Keo Nakama meet at Honolulu.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees continued to win big ones, increased lead over Chicago White Sox to three games in American League. **Casey Stengel's** money players ran off three straight against Kansas City, cooled off Cleveland by taking three out of four, pushed Indians six games off pace. Superb relief pitching of veteran **Jim Konstanty**, homers by **Yogi Berra** and **Irv Noren** and **Bob Cecv's** pinch single won first two games 2-1, 3-2, stretched winning streak to seven before Indians' **Early Wynn** tossed 5-0 shutout at Yanks, who came back to take second game of Sunday doubleheader 2-0 for southpaw **Whitey Ford's** ninth win.

Boston Red Sox, with sights set on first division, rolled past Detroit 5-4, 12-7, 7-0, faltered long enough to drop pair to **Chicago** 3-2, 8-3 when aching back forced slugging **Ted Williams** out of lineup but quickly bounced back on able hurling of **Willard Nixon** and **Tom Brewer** to whip White Sox 5-2, 8-2 and move within game of fourth-place Tigers.

Brooklyn Dodgers began week by racking up second-place Chicago Cubs three in row, aided by fireball-flinging **Don Newcombe's** 12th win, moved on to Milwaukee where they lost two out of three but still managed to hold comfortable 12½-game lead in National League. Braves' **Lou Burdette** and **Bob Buhl**, aided by home-run hitting of rejuvenated **Eddie Mathews**, who belted No. 16 and No. 17, beat Dodgers 8-2, 4-0 **Newcombe**, with help of Rookie **Karl Spooner**, sandwiched in his 13th victory 5-3, also got three hits to lift batting average to .451.

Cincinnati handled New York Giants with ease, won two of three from last year's champions, lost first game of series to **Philadelphia** 8-6, then clobbered Phillies 6-0, 16-5, 5-0 as **Joe Nuxhall** and **Art Fowler** contributed whitewash jobs and big **Ted Kluszewski** powered way into tie with Brooklyn's **Duke Snider** for league's home run leadership. Victories moved **Redlegs** into fifth place, scant percentage point behind sagging Giants, who attempted to bolster team by selling veteran Outfielder **Monte Irvin** to Minneapolis and bringing up Second Baseman **Wayne** (Twig) **Terwilliger** from same club but still lost three straight to **St. Louis Cardinals** 5-3, 9-2, 7-2.

BOXING

Archie Mooce, crafty old ring wanderer who has been vainly seeking shot at Heavyweight Champion **Rocky Marciano**, put light heavyweight crown on line against balding middleweight king Carl (Bobo) Olson, deftly picked off latter's best blows, exploded with "double right," smashing left hook to score clean knockout in third round at New York's Polo Grounds *(see page 50)*. Confident **Mooce** blandly announced to world, "I can beat any fighter who lives," prepared to test his claim in September bout with Marciano.

Vince Martinez, fourth-ranked welterweight from Paterson, N.J., came out of 6½-month retirement forced by managers' boycott which prompted **New York State Athletic Commission** to launch inquiry, dropped aggressive Chico Varona in fourth, gave Cuban fighter dazzling 10-round boxing lesson to walk off with unanimous decision at Syracuse, N.Y. *(see pages 9, 56)*.

Floyd Patterson, fast-punching Brooklyn light heavyweight, banged away at Canadian champion Yvon Durelle with quick combinations, forced opponent to quit at end of fifth round before jampacked crowd at Newcastle, N.B.

TRACK AND FIELD

NYAC broke two-year Los Angeles AC monopoly, scored 111 points to win unofficial team championship as five records fell in National AAU championships at Boulder, Col. Air Force's husky **Parcy O'Brien** won shotput with toss of 58 feet 5¼ inches, spun discus 175 feet 7 inches, was meet's only double champion. Other winners: Abilene Christian's **Bobby Morrow** edged Rod Richard, Dean Smith and Bob Washington in 0:09.5 blanket finish 100; garrulous **Wes Santee** gave advance notice that he was bothered by 5,000-foot altitude, had to come from behind to win mile in slow 4:11.5; Indiana's **Milt Campbell** took 120-yard high hurdles in 0:14.7; New York Pioneer Club's **Charley Pratt** sped over 220-yard low hurdles in 0:23.5; **Josh Culbreath** of Morgan State won 440-yard hurdles in 0:52; Villanova's **Charlie Jenkins** romped to victory in 0:46.7 quarter-mile; **Dick Hart** of Philadelphia was first in six-mile run in 31:58.5; **Horace Ashenfelter** coasted home in 14:45.2 in three-mile run, **Ken Reiser** of Eugene, Ore. copped two-mile steeplechase in 10:20.7; **Henry Laskau** of New York's 92nd Street YMHA won two-mile walk in 15:09.4; **Rob Richards** of Los Angeles AC soared 15 feet to win pole vault; **Ernie Shelton** of Los Angeles AC and Compton's 18-year-old **Chaclie Dumas** each cleared 6 feet 10 inches to tie for first in high jump; **Victor Paredes** of Cuban National Physical Education Institute captured hop, step and jump with 50-foot 3-inch effort *(see page 13)*.

Pacific Coast Conference stars won only seven first places but broke three records, including college two-mile mark by **Fernando Ledesma** of USC, outscored Big Ten 75-57 in annual intersectional meet at Berkeley, Calif. UCLA's **Robby Seaman**, latest U.S. hope for four-minute mile, won his event in slick 4:04.4 while another UCLAn, **Don Vick**, pegged shotput 56 feet 2¼ inches for meet standards.

GOLF

Cary Middlecoff, stroking with precision of well-oiled machine, burned up course with record-tying 63 on final round, finished with 16-under-par 272, beat out husky Mike Souchak by two strokes to take Western Open at Portland, Ore.

Patty Berg, 37-year-old links veteran, parlayed long driving and hot putter into 292 for 72 holes, edged Fay Crocker and Louise Suggs by two strokes to win Women's Western Open at Madison, Wis. for fifth time since 1941.

HORSE RACING

Traffic Judge, **Cliff Moocra's** 3-year-old chestnut colt, was guided through packed field by able **Eddie Arcaco**, caught front-running long shot Selinsgrove in stretch, went on to win $46,675 Ohio Derby by half-length at ThistleDown Park, Ohio.

Clear Dawn, unheralded **Darby Daa Farm** field horse who had won only one allowance race this year, got expert ride from **Logan Batcheller**, bided time until ready, then moved ahead to score astounding 2½-length victory in $39,800 New Castle Stakes at Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.

Papec Tiger, **Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs'** 4-year-old son of **Stymie**, emulated famous father's feat in $28,300 Edgemere Handicap at Aqueduct, N.Y., roared up from last place to push head in front of Straight Face at wire, duplicated Stymie's time of 1:50 2/5 for mile-and-eighth in 1946 Edgemere victory.

Determine, **Andy Crevolin's** spunky little gray, threw off four-race losing streak, outgamed Mister Gus and Alidon in driving finish, got nod from judges in photo finish to win $27,550 Inglewood Handicap at Hollywood Park, Calif.

Phil Drake, pretty **Suzy Volterra's** frisky Epsom Derby winner, turned on brilliant burst of speed at final turn, romped away from field to take $57,000 Grand Prix de Paris, Europe's richest race for 3-year-olds, in record-breaking 3:08.32 for 1 7/8 miles before 100,000 at historic Longchamp.

AUTO RACING

Jimmy Bryan of Phoenix, Ariz. streaked around Langhorne, Pa. track in 1:02:40.71, edged Indianapolis 500 winner Bob Sweikert by 10 seconds to win second straight AAA 100-mile national championship,

pocketed $10,000 first-place prize money

Tom Carstens of Tacoma, Wash. powered his Allard up Maryhill Loops Hill in 2:35.04 for 2 3/4 mile 26-turn course, took over-all title in Yakima Valley Sports Car Club Hill Climb at Goldendale Wash.

HORSE SHOW

Charles Dennehy, U.S. equestrian team star, swept four titles, rode **Black Watch** to victory in grand jumper championship in Detroit Horse Show at suburban Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

MOTORBOATING

Bill Cantrell, fearless Detroit driver, zoomed **Joe Schoenith's Gale IV** at average speed of 93.729 mph to win first heat despite spectacular five-boat crash, took second race with slightly lower speed, trailed sister boat Gale V across line in final heat, posted 1,025 points for victory in unlimited class of Detroit Memorial speed boat regatta. **Lloyd Maddock**, 51, of Pontiac, Mich. died after his **Holiday** collided with **Harry Vogel's Little Audrey** in 135-cubic-inch class race.

SAILING

Actaea, Henry Sears's brisk little Class C 40-foot sloop, outsailed 26 other yachts in slowest New London-to-Annapolis biennial ocean race, covered 446 miles in 85:43:24 corrected time to capture Blue Water Bowl.

MIT, with **Alain J. de Berc** and **H. William Stiles Jr.** and **Fred Brooks** and **J. Nichols Newman** leading their respective divisions, piled up 217 points to 210 for second-place Navy, nailed down North American intercollegiate dinghy championship and ninth leg on Henry A. Morss Memorial Trophy at New London, Conn.

MILEPOSTS

MARRIED—**Tom Gola**, sharpshooting three-time All-America basketball star at La Salle College, recently signed by professional Philadelphia Warriors; and **Caroline Ann Norris**, at Washington, D.C.

DIED—**Harry (Golden Greek) Agganis**, 25, Boston Red Sox first baseman, former Boston University football and baseball star, one of nation's leading southpaw passers; of "massive pulmonary embolism," at Cambridge, Mass. Drafted by pro football's Cleveland Browns in 1952, Agganis elected to try his hand at baseball, signed with Red Sox for reported $25,000 bonus, was sent to Louisville in 1953. Brought up by Boston last year, he batted .251, was hitting over .300 when he contracted pneumonia in May. Hospitalized for several weeks before his sudden death, he was recently placed on voluntarily retired list.

DIED—**Frank Hayes**, 39, former catcher for Philadelphia Athletics, Cleveland Indians, St. Louis Browns, holder of major league record of catching 312 consecutive games (1943–'46); at Point Pleasant, N.J.

DIED—**Hy Turkin**, 40, scholarly sports writer for New York *Daily News*, co-author of *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball*, former president of Metropolitan Track Writers Association, one of founders of National Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy; after long illness, in New York.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending June 26)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. New York	Kansas City	Cleveland	
W-6, L-1	6-2, 6-1	2-1, 2-2	
Seas. 48-24	4-0	0-5, 2-0	
Pct. .667			
2. Chicago	Washington	Boston	
W-5, L-2	6-1, 3-0	5-2, 8-2	
Seas. 42-24	7-0	2-5, 2-6	
Pct. .636			
3. Cleveland	Baltimore	New York	
W. 4, L-3	3-1, 5-0	1-2, 2-3	
Seas. 41-29	9-2	5-0, 0-2	
Pct. .566			
4. Detroit	Boston	Washington	
W-3, L-4	4-5, 7-12	18-7, 4-8	
Seas. 35-31	0-7	6-4, 4-12	
Pct. .530			
5. Boston	Detroit	Chicago	
W-5, L-2	5-4, 12-7	2-3, 3-8	
Seas.: 36-34	7-0	5-2, 8-2	
Pct. .514			
6. Kansas City	New York	Baltimore	
W-3, L-3	2-6, 1-6	2-0, 1-0	
Seas.: 27-40	0-4	5-2	
Pct. .403			
7. Washington	Chicago	Detroit	
W-1, L-6	1-6, 0-3	7-16, 0-1	
Seas., 24-43	0-7	4-6, 12-4	
Pct. .358			
8. Baltimore	Cleveland	Kansas City	
W-0, L-6	1-3, 0-5	0-2, 0-1	
Seas. 20-46	2-9	2-5	
Pct. .294			

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Al Kaline, Detroit, .365
Runs batted in—Jackie Jensen, Boston, 55
Home runs—Mickey Mantle, New York, 18
Pitching—Early Wynn, Cleveland, 10-2

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Brooklyn	Chicago	Milwaukee	
W-4, L-2	7-2, 3-2	2-8, 5-3	
Seas. 50-18	7-4	0-4	
Pct. .735			
2. Chicago	Brooklyn	Pittsburgh	
W-3, L-4	2-7, 2-3	10-3, 6-4	
Seas. 39-32	4-7	4-6, 2-1	
Pct. .549			
3. Milwaukee	Pittsburgh	Brooklyn	
W-5, L-1	2-1, 6-4	8-2, 3-5	
Seas. 37-31	6-0	4-0	
Pct. .544			
4. New York	Cincinnati	St. Louis	
W-2, L-5	3-5, 1-10	1-0, 3-5	
Seas. 33-36	4-3	2-9, 2-7	
Pct. .478			
5. Cincinnati	New York	Philadelphia	
W-5, L-2	5-2, 10-1	6-6, 6-0	
Seas. 31-34	3-4	16-5, 8-0	
Pct. .477			
6. St. Louis	Philadelphia	New York	
W-5, L-3	4-1, 6-10	0-1, 5-2	
Seas. 30-36	6-9, 7-1	9-2, 7-2	
Pct. .455			
7. Philadelphia	St. Louis	Cincinnati	
W-3, L-5	1-4, 10-8	8-6, 0-6	
Seas., 30-38	9-6, 1-7	5-16, 0-5	
Pct. .441			
8. Pittsburgh	Milwaukee	Chicago	
W-1, L-6	1-2, 4-6	3-10, 4-6	
Seas. 22-47	0-6	5-4, 1-2	
Pct. .319			

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Richie Ashburn, Philadelphia, .353
Runs batted in—Duke Snider, Brooklyn, 71
Home runs—Duke Snider, Brooklyn and Ted Kluszewski, Cincinnati, 23
Pitching—Don Newcombe, Brooklyn, 13-1

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

TOM FRIEDMAN, Milwaukee, annual "relaxed road race," with 55.6 mph avg. speed in Masoretti Wilmot Wis.

BICYCLING

ANDRE DARRIGADE, French natl. road cycling championship in 6:36:51 for 245-kilo. Châteaulin.

BOXING

FRANCO CAVICCNI, 15-round decision over Heinz Neuhaus, for European heavyweight title, Bologna Italy.
GENE FULLMER, 10-round decision over Gil Turner, middleweights, Salt Lake City.
VIRGIL AKINS, 8-round TKO over Billy Suddeth, welterweights, Chicago.
JOHNNY SAXTON, 6-round TKO over Jimmy Fuller, welterweights, Brockton, Mass.
OSCAR PITA, 6-round KO over Gene Porter, welterweights, New York.
KENNY LANE, 10-round decision over Larry Beardman, lightweights, Miami Beach.
IDRISSA DIONE, 15-round decision over Wally Thom, for European welterweight title, Liverpool, England.
JOHNNY O'BRIEN, 9-round TKO over Tony Grasso, bantamweights, Plainville, Conn.
DANNY KID, 12-round decision over Hiteshi Misako, for Orient flyweight title, Osaka Japan.

GOLF

EGON F. QUITTNER, Philadelphia, Western Sts. title, with 148 for 36 holes, Columbus, Ohio.
JOE CAMPBELL, Purdue Univ., over Johnny Garrett, 3 & 2, NCAA championship, Knoxville, Tenn.
ANTONIO CERDA, Argentina, Yorkshire Evening News tournament with 276 for 72 holes, Leeds England.

HARNESS RACING

JAMIE: $10,000 Savage Trot, 1 m., in photo finish, in 2:03 3/5, Laurel, Md., Bob Perkinson, driver.
ADIOS HARRY: $7,500 Orient, 1 1/16 m., by 2 lengths, in 2:13 1/5, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury N.Y., Luther Lyons driver.

HORSE RACING

MISTY MORN, $37,500 Providence Stakes, 1 1/8 m., by 1½ lengths, in 1:52, Narragansett Pk., Pawtucket, R.I., Ted Atkinson up.
OIL PAINTING, $29,350 Distaff Handicap, 7 f., by 1½ lengths, in 1:24, Aqueduct, N.Y., Nedley Woodhouse up.
MARK-YE-WELL: $28,025 Laurance Armour Memorial Handicap, 1 1/8 m., by nose, in 1:49, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill., Dave Erb up.
BABY ALICE: $27,300 Hollywood Oaks, 1 1/8 m., by ¾ length, in 1:49 1/5, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif., Roy York up.
MOBILE: $26,400 Negrin Stakes, 5½ f., by nose, in 0:37 4/5, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif., Johnny Longden up.
STAR ROVER: $25,600 Lamplighter Handicap, 1 1/16 m., by ½ length, in 1:43 4/5, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J., Walter Blum up.

MARBLES

RAYMOND JONES, Pittsburgh, natl. boys championship, Asbury Park, N.J.
KAREN OLSON, Niles, Ohio, natl. girls championship, Asbury Park, N.J.
FRANK CAUDILLO, N. Platte, Neb., VFW national championship, Denver.

MOTORBOATING

R. PERRY COLLINS, Boston, Nuckins Memorial Trophy 42-m. predicted log race, in Pelmar II, with 99.743% accuracy, Port Jefferson, N.Y.
JACK ABRAHAM, Fremont, Wis., Winnebagoland 88-m. outboard marathon, OU class, with 47.03 mph avg. speed, Fond du Lac Wis.

ROWING

RUDY JEZEK, NYAC, sr. 150-lb. single shell 1,200-meter race, in 4:45, for Major Joe Angyal Memorial Trophy, Pelham Manor, N.Y.
LINCOLN PARK BOAT CLUB, Central States Amateur Rowing Assn. regatta, with 227 pts., Chicago.

TENNIS

BERNARD (Tut) BARTZEN, San Angelo, Texas, over Whitney Reed, 6-1, 7-5, 6-2, Southwest Open men's singles, Little Rock, Ark.
YOLA RAMIREZ, Mexico City, over Karol Fageros, 3-6, 6-4, 6-0, Southwest Open women's singles, Little Rock Ark.
JOSE (Pepe) AGUERO, Tulane Univ., over Bill Quillen, 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-0, NCAA singles title, Chapel Hill N.C.
PANCHO CONTRERAS and JOAQUIN REYES, USC, over Sammy Giammalva and Johnny Hernandez, 6-3, 4-6, 2-6, 7-5, 15-13, NCAA doubles, Chapel Hill, N.C.
CRAWFORD HENRY, Atlanta, over Norman Perry, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-1, natl. scholastic singles championship, Charlottesville, Va.
BOB MACY and JOHN SKOGSTAD, Coral Gables, Fla., over Richard Noehn and Stanley Wilkins, 7-5, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, natl. scholastic doubles championship, Charlottesville Va.

TRACK & FIELD

BROWNING ROSS, N.Y. Pioneer AC, St. Vincent de Paul 10-m. road race, in 51 mins., Providence, R.I.

WATER SKIING

BARBARA GREEN, Stockton, Calif. and BRUCE PARKER, Derby, N.Y., 110-m. Mermaid Ski-a-thon, in 6:55, Atlantic City N.J.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

A baseball axiom is that the team leading the league on July 4 goes on to win the pennant. Will that hold true this year?

ROBERT SHERWOOD, New York
Author and playwright



"The Dodgers will be on top July 4 and will win the pennant. The Yankees may be on top but won't win. I've been a rabid Yankee fan since childhood when they were known as the Highlanders. I don't like to predict misfortune for them, but they haven't got the pitching."

GEORGE A. SMATHERS, Florida
United States Senator



"Not in the American League, where anything can happen. It holds true only when a team has a lead like the Dodgers. It's well nigh impossible to overtake them. They have the pitchers and the best array of hitters in their league. However, many teams have been ahead on July 4 and have lost."

REV. GERARD G. GRANT, S. J., Chicago
Professor of philosophy
Loyola University



"No. The axiom takes no account of the human factors of will and conviction. We talk of teams playing over their heads. Not really—it is only their desire to win. In 1951, the Dodgers led by 13½ games on Aug. 12. Yet the Giants caught them and won in the play-off on Bobby Thomson's homer."

MRS. ARCH WARD, Chicago
Housewife



"The World Series will be between the Chicago White Sox and the Brooklyn Dodgers, no matter who leads on July 4, and it may be the White Sox. My husband reminds me about the Boston Braves who came from last place on July 4 to win the 1914 National League pennant."

PAGE BROWNE, Boston, Mass.
Vice-President
Sheraton Hotels



"No. If I were to believe that, I'd have to concede the Red Sox haven't a chance. With Ted Williams playing like the Williams of old, our team may duplicate the feat of the 1914 Braves, who were last on July 4 but won the pennant. The Red Sox are now playing the same kind of baseball."

CARY GRANT, Hollywood
Movie star



"Probably. Percentagewise, a team leading on July 4 has a better than an even chance to win the pennant. I don't see how the Dodgers can be stopped. As for the Yankees, they've won 20 pennants. 16 of these pennant teams were in first on July 4. They play best when the chips are down."

MATTY MATTHEWS, Miami, Fla.
Public relations



"Yes. It's a foregone conclusion that the Dodgers will stay on top and win the pennant. The Giants are too weak to pull another miracle. If the Yankees can hold their lead to July 4, they'll win. If Cleveland's on top July 4 and Al Rosen has fully recovered from injuries, they'll win."

CLAYTON HANNON, Klamath Falls, Ore.
Herald & News
Sports editor



"Yes. In the National League, the Dodgers are set with their tremendous start and can win by playing average ball. The American League is a tough one. The Yankees are known to play for the big ones. This could happen this year. They'll be much harder to overtake than Cleveland or Chicago."

ANNE CULKIN, Scranton, Pa.



Owner charm school

"Yes and no. The Brooklyn Bums will lead on July 4 and will win the pennant. The Yankees will lead in the American League, but [illegible] win. Too bad. Everyone likes them as much as they hate the Dodgers. I'd like to give the Bums scholarships to my school. I'd make them popular champions."

AL SCHACHT, New York



Restaurant owner

"Even though I know that nine Brooklyn teams led the league on July 4 and failed to win pennants, the Dodgers can't be headed—not with such a commanding lead. It's different in the American League. A slim lead on July 4 won't mean much. But if the Yankees are on top, they will win."

ANTONIO PEREZ, Mexico City



President travel service

"Yes. Brooklyn can't be stopped. The sluggers are at their peak and the pitching staff is the best in the league. In the American League, the Yankees, Cleveland Indians and Chicago White Sox can be on top July 4. Any of these teams has the potential to win. July 4 should tell the story."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Can polo be popularized? (Asked at Palm Beach and the Dominican Republic.)

Emancipator

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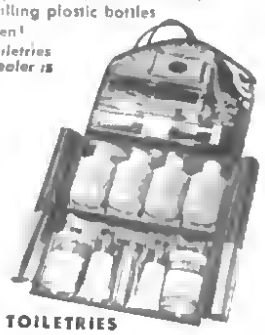


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effervescence

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Irma Strawn
Kintnersville, Pa.



PRODUCTION TO MEET DEMAND! This new $35,000,000 PowerFlite automatic transmission plant is now under construction at Kokomo, Indiana. When it is completed, manufacturing capacity for these popular units will be doubled!



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Gentle reprimand • Buck Martinez fights again • Action in the bull pen • The will to win, place or show • Chessboard ideology • Ball park debate

OVERSIGHT

SPORTS-LOVING GOVERNOR Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey recently presented the 1954 Spingarn Medal, highest award of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to Publisher Carl Murphy of Baltimore, head of the Afro-American Newspapers. Then, to the surprise of all present, the young governor proceeded to give the NAACP a solid rap on the knuckles.

"I notice," he said, "you have not deemed it suitable to award the Spingarn Medal in the field of athletics. But it is my belief that Negro athletes, in this sports-loving nation of ours, have done a great deal to break down old taboos and prejudices. I am thinking of such persons as Jesse Owens, the track star, who confounded Adolf Hitler's racial theories by running away with Olympic prizes in Berlin. Adolf was so mad he left the stadium.

"I am thinking of Levi Jackson, who became the captain of the Yale football team and a member of one of the exclusive Yale societies; of Jackie Robinson, the first Negro ballplayer to be admitted to the major leagues, thus establishing a precedent which has been followed generally; and of Joe Louis, who surely was one of the greatest boxers and greatest champions in the history of the ring.

"It seems to me that such men as these have played a most important role in Negro progress and, by earning the enthusiastic admiration of millions of Americans who love excellence even more than they nurse prejudice, have advanced the cause of equality of opportunity for all Negroes."

RETURN TO GRACE

THE BOXING fan, a wistful waif among the forces which rule his sport, was seated during the week at a bountiful table which served not one but two desserts. Archie Moore, the well-groomed light-heavyweight champion, came into his first big pay-night and undisputed right to a heavyweight-title shot in a brief encounter with Bobo Olson (*see page 50*). And Vince Martinez, the grounded welterweight, took soaring flight once more against tough Cuban Jesus (Chico) Varona in Syracuse, home town of new welter champion Carmen Basilio.

Martinez, unable to fight since last December because of a managers' boycott (SI, May 30), bears an extraordinary similarity to Moore. He is a superb boxer, whose handsomely chiseled features show none of the stigmata of his trade after 44 fights. He can punch with left hook or right cross and sets his opponent up for these with frosty deliberation, unruffled by bull-like rushes, fending them off with a persistent, tantalizing jab as impenetrable as vault steel.

He thinks as he fights, too. Against the urging of one corner adviser that he

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

The Giants ended their worst Western trip since 1953 with a double-header drubbing in St. Louis, and Willie Mays still slumped. The Durocher lip buttoned on rumors this would be his last season with the Giants who, with an expiring lease, may be spending their last year at the Polo Grounds.

Defending champion Manuel Fangio roared down the track at Zandvoort-on-Sea, The Netherlands, racked up his third Grand Prix victory and put the Mercedes automobile back in competition after its dramatic withdrawal from the *Le Mans* holocaust.

Tough Julius Helfand, New York State Athletic Commission chairman, reopened his investigation of boxing by suspending the licenses of Managers Charles Bauer, Bobby Nelson, Bobby Melnick and Cus D'Amato, members of the International Boxing Guild. "We are a labor union," D'Amato protested.

A happy second comeback loomed for Babe Didrikson Zaharias after an operation for a ruptured spinal disc. Doctors guessed she'd be back on the links in three months.

Wimbledon tennis entered its final week with Vic Seixas, Ham Richardson and Lew Hoad among the fallen, Seixas because of a lame shoulder. Opposed in the semifinals were Americans Budge Patty and Tony Trabert, Australian Ken Rosewall and Dane Kurt Nielsen. Paris dweller Patty was being urged to replace ailing Seixas in Davis Cup competition.

The Transpacific Yacht Race—from San Pedro, Calif. to Honolulu—began this week with its biggest entry list—54 vessels. Scratch race record: 10 days, 10 hours, 13 minutes, held by the 96-foot ketch *Morning Star*, which will broadcast daily progress reports via Radio Station KNX, Los Angeles.

continued from page 9

finish off the dangerous Varona quickly, Martinez insisted on boxing the Cuban a full 10 rounds to a unanimous decision *(see page 56)*.

"After my lay off," he explained in his dressing room afterward, "I needed those 10 rounds." His punching, in fact, sharpened as the fight progressed. To prove that he could do it he combined a left and right to drop Varona for a count of two in the closing seconds of the fourth round.

An interested, much-impressed observer was Champion Basilio, whose title Martinez seeks. "A good fighter," Basilio said, and added cheerily, "but he can be taken."

Martinez would like to give Basilio the chance to take him. If his grounding is really over, he feels, like Archie Moore, that he rates a title shot soon.

SOUND, WITH FURY

BOXING, PUTTING a cauliflower ear to the ground, suddenly heard roars in Congress and cheers in the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The Congressional roars were from the throats of Rep. Thomas J. Lane, Massachusetts Democrat, and Rep. Harold Ostertag, New York Republican, both demanding that Congress investigate boxing's dirty business. Each introduced a bill to that effect.

"Mobsters have muscled in on the game to the detriment of clean sport," Lane told the House of Representatives. "Ask the police departments of any large city who are familiar with the ways and hangouts of the criminal elements. Fighters and managers who are on the level don't like the setup, but what can they do about it? Only an aroused public opinion can save the sport for the boxers and the fans. . . .

"It is no secret that this popular sport is under the tight and powerful control of a few men who run the game to suit themselves, with little regard for the boxing commissions in the several states. As audiences, through the medium of radio and television, have become national instead of local, it would seem that this professional sport should be subject to federal control, since it has failed to regulate itself. Monopolistic drives, to put it mildly, have sewed up the game."

Rep. Lane wants the House judiciary subcommittee on monopoly and mergers do the investigating. Rep. Ostertag, who did not speak on his bill, preferred investigation be done on a broader front by a special committee.

The cheers of the Junior Chamber of Commerce came in convention assembled at Atlanta, where 6,000 young business leaders hailed with a standing ovation a resolution calling upon the United States Senate "to investigate the extent to which professional fixers and gamblers have infiltrated the fields of amateur, sempro and professional sports with the purpose of enacting legislation to remove their sordid influences from these fields of American athletic endeavor."

It was one of two resolutions the convention passed unanimously. It declared that "sports are one of the most important cultural means a nation has for the development of ideals of sportsmanship and manly behavior in our youth, as against those influences which lead to juvenile delinquency."

JOURNEY TO JERSEY

MONMOUTH PARK is a New Jersey race track lying about 50 miles south of New York. Trains and buses stop at the gates and the New Jersey Turnpike has motorists there before they know it *(see page 57)*. There is yet another approach and for many racing fans it is the only one. This is the approach by sea, a voyage that gives the thoughtful horse player time to make the transition from his workaday world to that better place across the water where roses bloom and swans arch their necks on the infield pond and some two-dollar tote tickets pay off.

The sea voyage from New York begins at a West 42nd Street pier in the Hudson River. The horse players' ship is the three-decker *Peter Stuyvesant*. Berthed alongside are the "Round Manhattan Island" sight-seeing boats, and the laughter and shouting of tourists and school children aboard these frivolous frigates furnished an unseemly contrast to the hushed and dignified atmosphere aboard the *Peter S.* The several hundred horse players, busy with *The Morning Telegraph* and other

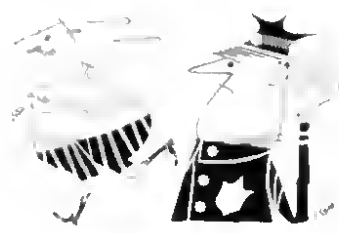


pieces of racing literature, are obviously relieved as their ship at last gives a blast of its whistle and backs out into the river to point for the Battery and the open sea. Almost at once there is a perceptible release of tension, as when a battle is joined. A few horse players get up and start pacing the deck, talking softly to themselves. With studied deliberation, the morning drinkers saunter to the bar. A matronly lady, seated at the rail, reaches into a brown paper bag and then, with a faraway look in her eyes, bites savagely into a piece of Danish pastry. Nobody pays the slightest attention to the colorful sights of the harbor, nor to the Statue of Liberty, nor to the breath-taking views of the New York skyline. A fat man in a flowered sports shirt hails a passing member of the crew: "Hey, Mac, what time we due at 69th Street?" "Twelve sharp, sir," replies the crewman, touching his cap.

It turns out that this is a pertinent query, for at 69th Street in Brooklyn a contingent of that borough's horse players wait silently on the pier and with them is a precious cargo: the official track programs rushed from Monmouth and containing the names of all the jockeys, the morning betting-line and the post positions for the feature race. Now there is serious work to be done: passengers (and the waiters and deck hands) work feverishly with stubs of pencils, scribbling, sifting their papers, thinking hard. Few of them seem to hear the ship's loudspeakers announce: "Attention, please. There may be cardsharks aboard. Do not play cards with strangers."

By the time the ship nears the pier at Atlantic Highlands, the New Jersey port, most of the horse players have completed their calculations. Here and there, one of them gets up to stretch. A tall, lean, toothless man looks about him, nods and then speaks.

"This is like it should be," he says, waving an arm. "A day's outing. Throw a few tomatoes and hard-boiled eggs in a bag and make it like a picnic, take



OVER HILL & OALE

Cross-country running's not for me,
Not in a month of Sundays.
Though I'd run too, I guess, if I
Were caught outdoors in undies.

—Richard Armour

the wife, get her out of the house, bet a few bucks, nobody gets hurt."

He shakes his head.

"I'm at Aqueduct the other day, I have some information from this bartender at a gin mill where some of the big shots hang out. So I go for 50 and the horse comes in, pays 10 dollars and change. So do I quit on a winner, come home, take the wife out for a feed and a show? No, I play it all back and 300 besides."

He fishes for a cigarette and lights it.

"It's not money when you win a bundle at the track. It's confetti. You don't realize until you find yourself outside the track, looking for a buck to get home on. Personally, I always keep a double saw folded up and slipped under the identification in my wallet. I got that much sense, but that's about all. Here last year I sold a piece property for $8,100. Who got it? The machines. You can't beat those machines, there's not enough money in the treasury mint to beat those machines. There's only one way and that's quit on a winner. But I'm nuts, I admit it. I ask myself, do I care about seeing the horses run? I do not. All I go to the track for is to hear the call. When I see them coming into the stretch and my horse gets the call, 'so-and-so coming on,' I turn my back and don't look. You want to know the truth, I don't care if the horses drop dead. All I want is to hear the call."

He raises both arms as if in benediction.

"This is the way, a boat ride, a day's outing, a few bucks. Polack Joe, rest his soul, ran the biggest crap game in Brooklyn here a few years ago; he told me himself, 'Quit on a winner, hoy, you won't get hurt.' If I'd followed Joe's advice, I'd be able to retire right now. If I could start taking his advice today, with the kind of information I get, I'll make myself a hundred dollars a day and expenses. That I *guarantee*."

The *Peter Stuyvesant* bumps the pier and the horse players, each with his secret plan, start for the gangplank below.

ATTACK IN MOSCOW

THE AMERICAN chess team recently arrived in Moscow has in its favor something that every chess player must admire: a bold opening, the simplest and most challenging move on the board. Every country except the United States has conceded the Russians' mastery; in every international match the Russians have cleaned up everything for longer than anyone cares to remember (the English team last year did not win a single game in its match with Russia); and a good many Russian victories have been won with the equivalent of the second team. Everybody has had enough, except for the eight relatively (in this country) little-known Americans who have settled down in Moscow for 32 games against the greatest aggregation of chess power in history.

Chess is virtually the Russian national game. If nine Russians suddenly appeared in New York to take on the Yankees the situation would be roughly comparable to that of the Americans in Moscow. There is no element of chance in chess. The oldest game in the world that is still played in its original form, chess is strictly logical: the American team can hardly count on any outside circumstances providing breaks, blunders or flukes. But surprise, boldness, tenacity, the refusal to accept defeat are potent factors within a logical framework, and in that sense the appearance of the Americans in Moscow comes up to an exacting standard: it's good chess.

It is largely a matter of luck that some of the American team will be able to play. Back in 1950, when Arthur Bisguier, then 20, won the United States Open Chess Championship in Detroit, an automobile-load of homeward-bound players smashed up near Batavia, New York, and four players, including the first-place winner and two who tied for third in the tournament landed in Genesee Memorial Hospital. Since everybody in the car was a youthful chess prodigy, much of the present-day chess talent of the United States nearly vanished right there. Bisguier suffered broken ribs and a gashed forehead. Larry Evans, then 18, is now the second-ranking American player, and flying to Moscow. According to the book, the Americans have a heavy handicap against the Russians, but it would be much worse without these two. In the Russian-American match of 1954 (which the Russians won 20 to 12) Evans won two games, lost one and drew one—the highest score of any of the Americans, except Donald Byrne, who won three and lost one.

It is impossible to imagine a carload of Russian masters in a similar situation. Russia's chess masters are mature men, well-groomed, dignified, their appearance suggesting a group of prominent professors. In comparison the Americans suggest a group of revolutionaries—wild, unpredictable and

continued on next page



"First you must rid yourself of this delusion that golf is only a game. . . ."

continued from page 11

unyielding in their resistance to Soviet chess authority. Donald Byrne is 25, a recent Yale graduate now studying for a doctorate at the University of Michigan. His older brother, Robert Byrne, is on his way to his third match with the Russians: he won his game from Russia's Grand Master, David Bronstein, in 1952's chess Olympics at Helsinki, which astonished the Russians so much they proclaimed him an international grand master. He lost one game and drew three in the Russian-American match last year.

Samuel Reshevsky, the strongest American player, who drew all four of his games with Smyslov last year, conforms more closely to the popular idea of a master—slight, bespectacled, balding, with an implacable will to win that made him a chess master before most of his teammates were born. Israel Horowitz, editor of *The Chess Review*, Herman Steiner and Isaac Kashdan are the sixth, seventh and eighth members of the American team—veteran chess players, as are the alternates, Max Pavey and Alexander Kevitz.

WILLIAMS' CORNER

AT FENWAY PARK in Boston, a corner of the left-field grandstand juts sharply to the left-field foul line, and there was a time when Red Sox fans vied for seats in it, the better to ride Ted Williams. There is a legend that one day Ted filled his hip pocket with hamburger and, at a proper moment, flung it to the corner critics with the implication that, being wolves, they might relish some raw meat.

Today Ted Williams enjoys a sort of peaceful co-existence with his corner. Indeed, the corner cannot be said to exist as it did in the old days. All of Fenway Park is Williams' corner now and to sit in any part of it is to become part of the endless Williams debate.

"He's mellowed, there's no doubt of that at all," said a fan the other afternoon, speaking with a rich South Boston brogue. "You take the way he treats the kids. Here the other day didn't he pose with his arm around the boy who got into a fight over him and give him a baseball, too? Do you remember when he'd tell a kid to scram?"

"I mind the time," said another fellow, taking a pipe out of his mouth, "when there'd be one big boo as he came out on the field. Today I'd venture to say it's a 85% cheers to 15% boos. Do you agree?"

"No, I don't," said a third man, South Boston like the others. "I mean to say I don't go along with the idea that Mr. Ted Williams has mellowed and that everything is sweetness and light between him and the fans. The man has contempt for the fans."

A man wearing a sports shirt you could see through leaned over from the row behind. "Excuse me," he said, "no offense intended, I'm sure. But you gentlemen miss the point entirely."

The man with the pipe glanced at the others meaningly. "Well," he said, winking, "if you'll put us straight on the matter, we'll be most humbly grateful, I'm sure."

"The point about Williams is," the man in the sports shirt went on, "the point is he doesn't *have* to give a tinker's damn. He's just so good at his job that he can say, 'Take it or leave it.'"

The man with the pipe broke in: "Did you ever hear of a certain Mr. Babe Ruth? Wasn't he good at his job and at the same time on good terms with everybody?"

"Will you let me complete my thought?" said the man in the sports shirt irritably.

"Oh, go ahead," said the man with the pipe.

"I'll be brief," said the sports shirt. "I was here Memorial Day. Well, sir, Ted comes up for the first time and takes a count of two and nothing. Now an ordinary hitter would be required to let the next one go by but, as we all know, the take sign is never on Ted. So, lo and behold, if the next one isn't down the middle and the next thing you heard was that crack of the home-run ball and the whole stand was on its feet applauding—not yelling, mind you—but applauding as if it was a performance of the grand opera. And then there was Ted racing around the bases, not trotting like your Babe Ruth, but sprinting as fast as he could. As usual, he didn't tip his cap, but just streaked into the dugout as much as to say, 'There's your home run now, take it or leave it.'"

"What's the point of the story?" said the man with the pipe.

"The point is," exclaimed the man in the sports shirt, "wouldn't all of us like to be the same, so good at our jobs that we could tell the boss to take it or leave it or go to blazes? Isn't Mr. Ted Williams the living symbol of the same independence that makes the Irish character the wonder of the world?"

The others exchanged glances. "May I ask your name?" said the man with the pipe.

"Moriarty," said the man in the sports shirt, "from Framingham."

"Well, hell," said the man with the pipe, "bring your beer and come and join us. There's plenty of room in this row."

SPECTACLE

TENDONS IN TENSION

Weight men, runners and jumpers—the cream of the crop—put on 1955's greatest track and field carnival in Colorado

With such superlative performers as Shotputter Parry O'Brien (*opposite page*) showing the way, record or near-record performances were achieved in most events at the outdoor AAU track and field championships in Boulder, Colo. last week. U.S. athletes never looked better (*see next four pages*) as they spent two calm, windless days breaking five National AAU records (hammer throw, 56-pound weight throw, half mile, javelin and 220-yard dash) and tying or bettering four of last year's best marks (broad jump, high jump, 100-yard dash and high hurdles). Meanwhile, at Ponca City, Okla., U.S. women were putting on similarly impressive track and field displays. For on-the-scene reports by Paul O'Neil from Boulder and Mary Snow from Ponca City, see page 17.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK


SAF

Struggling upwerd, High-Jumper Vern Wilson of Sente Clera Youth Center narrowly misses 6 feet 9 inches on his second ettempt.

Straining outward, New York Athletic Club weightmen Bob Backus (left) end Steve Dillon stretch their big muscles in 56-pound



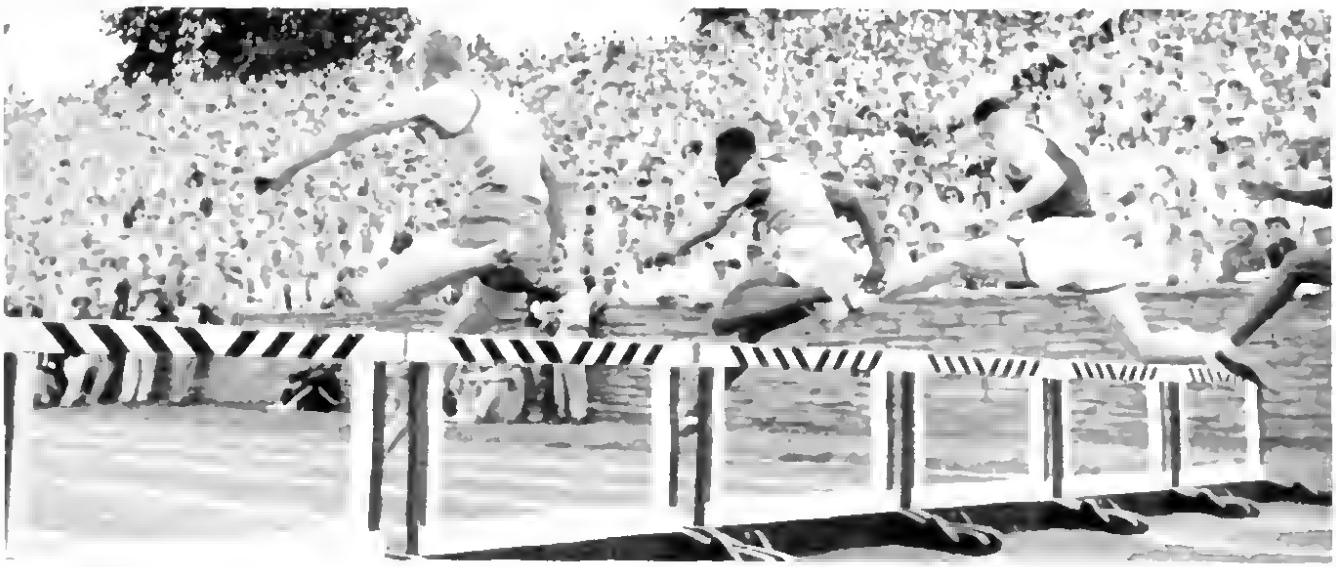
Wilsen finished third behind Ernie Shelton, world record holder, and young Compton, Calif. high school student Charley Dumes

weight throw. Backus won the event with an AAU record heave of 43 feet 5 inches, breaking his old mark. Teammate Dillon was second





Packed field of 16 milers makes abortive first start (above). In the jam two runners fell and race was restarted after 5-minute rest



Low hurdlers clear final barrier in unison (above)—Arnie Sowell leads strung-out pack en route to victory in record half-mile run



BLAZING THE WAY AT BOULDER

by PAUL O'NEIL

EVER SINCE the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics unveiled its new state-suckled track and field team in Europe last spring, armies of sport fans have assumed that the "Russian Juggernaut" is certain to compel a new pattern of athletic power at Melbourne in 1956. But it was impossible to watch the 67th National AAU track and field championships – a sort of pre-Olympics war dance held here last weekend before 20,000 applauding shirt-sleeved spectators—without coming to just the opposite conclusion; without wondering, in fact, just how the Russians will keep the Juggernaut from bogging down when it is finally entered in world competition.

The National AAU championships —traditionally the biggest of the big U.S. meets and the last one of the year —threw the cream of college, club, high school, Army, Navy and Marine Corps stars together outdoors for the first time in 1955. It took three of the University of Colorado's handsome, red-roofed, sandstone dormitories to hold them all, and the effect, even before a race had started, was overpowering. The Russians will have a horrible problem in the Olympics—they face murderous competition from the English, as well as the Hungarians and many of their other satellite states in the distance events where the U.S. is weak, so to end American domination in men's track and field they must seize points where the U.S. is strong.

In Boulder last week, athletes capable of Olympic victory at distances up to the mile and in most of the field events were stacked up four, six, eight and even 10 deep.

Nothing accented this wealth of talent as dramatically as the 880-yard run, the year's final and most astounding expression of American superiority in the half mile—and of the genius of Pitt's smooth-striding young Negro star-of-stars, Arnold Milton Sowell. When he came to Boulder, 20-year-old Arnie Sowell was not in a mood to enjoy the pleasant dry air, or the magnificent backdrop of towering, pine-forested crags behind the green Colorado campus. He had failed by "just going to sleep" in a preliminary heat to qualify for the intercollegiate championships at Los Angeles a week before and had been beaten by Wes Santee in 1:48.5 at Stockton, Calif. before that. And after these discouragements he was up against all his fastest foes.

He pulled on running clothes, walked to the empty Colorado Stadium, put on his spikes and ran a 660-yard trial almost as soon as he arrived in town. He was reassured—his time was a fast 1:16, and he felt loose and full of running when he finished. But in his preliminary heat on Friday (which he won in 1:51.8) he became conscious of a new problem: altitude. Boulder (5,350 feet) is more than a mile high. Even sprinters noticed that they recovered slowly after they finished and the effect of thin air, while not as devastating as at Mexico City's Pan-American Games, became painfully apparent in longer races. "Half milers usually stride, move their arms, and breathe almost in unison," said the N.Y. Athletic Club's Bruce Lockerbie. "But here, in the second lap, the sound of breathing got all mixed up. It was queer to hear Arnie panting like that. Personally I can't remember what I did or even who was near me after 600 yards although I ran my fastest race."

Sowell finished in better shape than Fordham's husky Tom Courtney—who badly needed oxygen after his heat—but his legs felt alarmingly dead and unresponsive in the stretch. He went back to his dormitory room, pulled the Venetian blinds and lay in bed with the covers up around his chin, staring nervously into the room. He decided to

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THE GIRLS AT PONCA CITY

by MARY SNOW

BLONDE GAYLE DIERKS has never been able to compete in interscholastic track and field meets in her home state of Colorado because Colorado, like 17 other states, severely discourages such female frivolity. Nonetheless, 17-year-old Gayle recently made her own way to Ponca City, Okla. and the Girls' and Women's National AAU Track and Field Championships. In two days, just for experience, she ran an almost continuous succession of preliminary, semifinal and final heats in the 50- and 100-yard dashes of the girls' division, the 100- and 220-yard dashes in the women's division and, in her spare time, entered the broad jump. In addition to experience, Gayle took home three third-place medals and a burning desire to keep running and jumping.

Nor was Gayle the only ambitious novice on hand. For instance, 15-year-old Charity Alker journeyed 1,300 solitary miles in defiance of her gym teacher who called her participation in activities such as the baseball throw and shot-put "socially unacceptable in Greenwich, Conn." Yet all the 135 who showed up weren't there merely for experience or to establish their independence. Many were thinking ahead to 1956—and the Olympics.

As expected, the star of the show was 23-year-old Mae Faggs, a senior at Tennessee State University and veteran of two Olympic Games. The best woman sprinter since Stella Walsh, Mae Faggs ticked off a new American record of 10.7 seconds in the 100-yard dash, won the 220-yard dash and anchored the fastest 440-yard relay (49.1) ever run in this country by women.

Mae's supporting cast was loaded with youthful promise. There was Mildred McDaniel, 22, who missed a world's high-jump record by the margin of her flapping track shorts when she knocked off the bar at 5 feet 8 5 8 inches. Pamela Kurrell, 16, stuffed a first-, a second- and two third-place medals in her suitcase for baseball, shot-put and discus-throwing competition. Bertha Diaz Hernandez, an 18-year-old Cuban with a doll-like face and a lanky stride, set an American record in the 80-meter hurdles. But it was up to another Tennessee State sprinter, 17-year-old Isabel Daniels, to almost steal the show. An understudy to Mae Faggs, she won both the girls' 50 and 100 in a breeze, anchored the winning girls' 300-yard relay team, came back to win the women's 50-yard dash and ran a leg on the record-setting relay team.

CONVERSATION PIECE:

'THE OUTLAWED SPITBALL

by DICK YOUNG



MAN OF LEISURE, shrewd-eyed Preacher Roe watches batting practice before Card-Dodger game June 19 in Busch Stadium. Roe retired from baseball this year, came up to St. Louis from West Plains, Mo. home to demonstrate for SI how he threw his "wet one."

Now I'm out of baseball I guess it's all right to talk about my pitching," Elwin Charles (Preacher) Roe said. He was dressed in street clothes and rested one foot on the top step of the Brooklyn dugout in Busch Stadium in St. Louis. The Dodgers were in for a three-game series with the Cards and The Preach had come up from West Plains, Mo., 155 miles away, to see his old teammates.

"Lot of people have asked me what I used to throw," Roe said, his eyes still on the Dodgers, who were taking batting practice. He turned with a self-conscious movement, as though he were taking off his shirt in public. "I like to tell 'em it was my sinker. Well, you know, the ball did drop real pretty, but it was more than a little ol' sinker. I guess it won't hurt anybody to tell the truth now. I threw spitballs the whole time I was with the Dodgers. Seven years in all."

The fact that he finally had said it seemed to give Roe a kick. He laughed.

"This isn't a confession and my conscience doesn't bother me a bit. Maybe the book says I was cheating, but I never felt that way. I wasn't the only one that did it. There still are some guys wetting 'em up right now. I know one or two of them, but it's not up to me to tell their names. When they get ready to, maybe *they* will. I'm just going to talk about me; why I did it, and why I don't think there's anything wrong with it.

"A pitcher will take any little advantage he can today, and I don't blame him. I'd pitch in front of the rubber when I had a chance. I never used a cut ball much, but I wasn't too proud to—and neither are a lot of the guys around the league.

"One time last year when I was being relieved I stood on the mound and cut a ball with my fingernail real deep. I handed it to the new boy and said: "'I've got a hole in that one if you

SUBJECT: PREACHER ROE

WAS MY MONEY PITCH'

The retired Dodger hero admits he threw a "wet one" and tells how other players like Campanella, Reese and Hodges of his own team and Durocher, Maglie and Sewell of the enemy reacted to it

want to use it. You can get another ball if you want.'

" 'Give it to me,' he said—and he struck out the next batter on three pitches. He's still around, so I'm not gonna say who it was.

"I don't say all the little tricks pitchers use now and then should be legalized, but, hell, the spitball should be. It's not dangerous—no more than the knuckler, and nobody's outlawed that. If they want to know the real truth, you can control a spitter lots easier than a knuckler. And there ain't many things meaner than a fast ball thrown up close to the head."

Roe turned back to the field and watched Carl Erskine lazily throwing in his first warm-up pitches to Dixie Howell.

PLATE'S TOO SMALL

"See that little tiny plate? That's nothing. How you going to get that ball past a big guy like Kluszewski, with those big arms? The game is getting out of balance. Everything is for the batter. The ball's as live as a rabbit. They sneak the fences in on you a few more feet every year. They used to have a bigger strike zone than now and they keep speeding up the pitcher. The hitters got all the time they please.

"And look at the batters. They can put anything they want on the bats. Molasses and soda. And nobody says nothing, but we're supposed to pitch a brand-new ball all the time.

"Conscience? Hell, it never bothered me none throwing a spitter. If nobody is going to help the pitcher in this game, he's got to help himself. With Brooklyn I must of made around $100,000 and you know I couldn't have made all that kind of money not throwing my wet one."

Some time passed. Then The Preach said: "I'm not trying to fool anybody. No matter how good a pitcher is he ain't gonna win as many games as I did without that defense back of him. Say in the piece I want to thank Billy [Cox] and Pee Wee [Reese] and Jackie Robinson and Hodges for all the help they gave me. And there ain't two better guys than Snider and Furillo to go and get them in the outfield. And Campy [Roy Campanella]. I couldn't have got far without all those fellows.

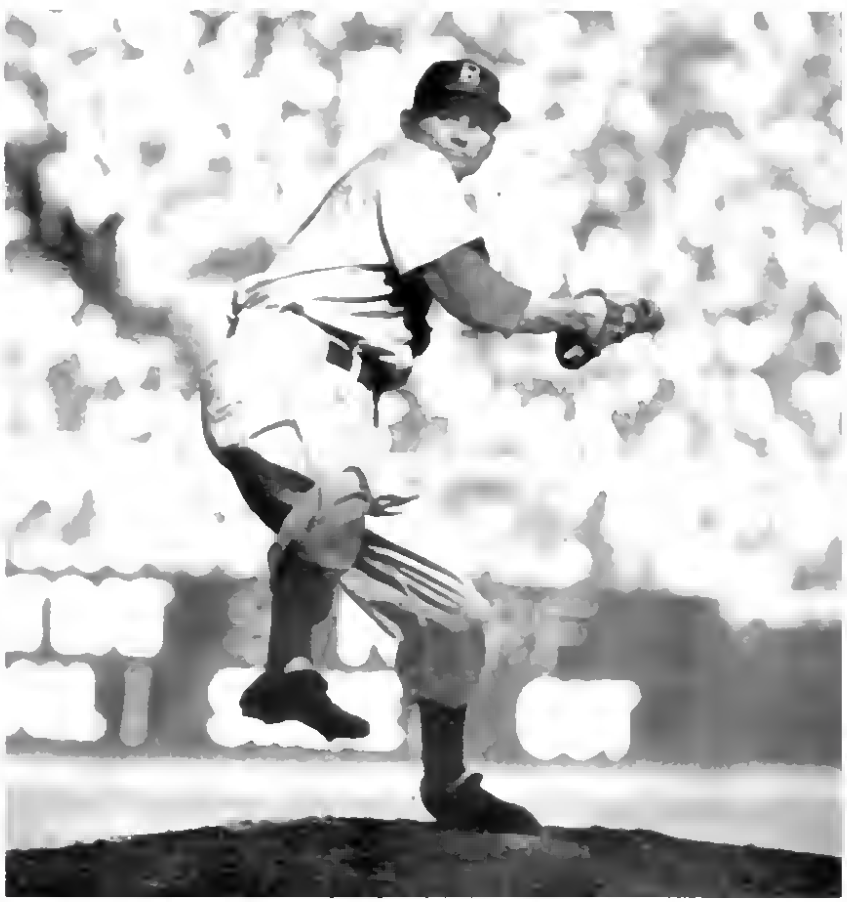
"I'll tell you another little secret. I wasn't always the one to load up the spitter. Once in a while, after the ball had been tossed around the infield, Pee Wee or my buddy, Cox, would come up to the mound, drop the ball easy in my glove, and say: 'There it is if you want it.'

"That meant they already had the ball wet for me. If I wanted to throw it, I could. If not, I'd just wipe it off. Sometimes Pee Wee would hand me the ball and say:

" 'Gimme that one good pitch now.'

"I knew then what he wanted. He wanted my 'wet curve.'

continued on next page



MAN OF ACTION, purse-lipped Preacher Roe was a grim competitor in the 1953 World Series against the New York Yankees. Near end of his brilliant career with Brooklyn, Roe lost the second game of the Series, had a mediocre 3–4 record the next year.

PREACHER ROE

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"I reckon it wasn't the best-kept secret in the world, the fact that I would wet one up occasionally. Some of the players suspicioned it, but they never could catch me at it.

"The first time I knew anybody was on to me was after my first year with the Dodgers. I was pretty crude then and hadn't gotten cute like later. Every time I was going to throw my wetter, I'd ruh my glove down on my pants. I did pretty good that year. I went home feeling pretty proud. Then one day I went out hunting birds with Walker Cooper. We were moseying along toward the field when Coop said: 'Hey, Bird Dog, you been throwin' a wet one?'

"That's what he always called me, Bird Dog. I tried not to act surprised.

"I said, 'What you talking about?' I tried to think of the ones I might have thrown him. But he said:

"'Well, in case you are, you better get a new sign. Everybody in the league knows it!'

"I didn't say yes, and I didn't say no. But when I got to camp that spring, I told Campy about it.

"'Hell, just throw it,' he said. 'I don't need any sign. I caught spitters in the Negro league for years. You don't have to tell me it's coming.'

"It didn't take me long to find out that Campy wasn't just bragging. He was great at catching it. He'd handle most of them just as smooth as if I was throwing a fast ball. Once in a while, one of them would do a whole lot and get away from him. But Campy was always ready. He figured the umpire would ask for the ball, or the batter would call for the umpire to look at it. Campy'd toe the ball, sly-like, as he bent over to pick it up, and that would roll it dry. He'd do that if nobody was on base. If there were men on, he'd step on it, and grind it into the dirt, hard like, where he could grab it if he had to.

"But don't get Campy in Dutch. He had nothing to do with my throwing a spitter. I mean he never called for it. I decided when I'd throw it. He'd just catch it. In case the Commissioner reads this, I want that understood, hear? After all, what could Campy do? He couldn't shake me off.

"But the Commissioner, I don't think he'd mind. Fact, I hear he wants the spitter back. I'm sort of pleased that Mr. Frick has got that healthy attitude about my pet pitch. Makes me feel I was right all along."

Roe shifted his big panatella from one side of his jaw to the other.

"I started foolin' around with the spitter when I was at Columbus. Red Barrett and Harry Brecheen were there too. All three of us used to throw it around on the sidelines but I never threw it in a game. I could throw hard then. I didn't need another pitch.

"There was a left-handed boy with Indianapolis at the time, named Trimble, or Trinkle, or something like that. He threw a good spitter. I told him I wouldn't tell anyone he was using it if he'd show me how to throw it. He told me he used slippery elm to make the slick water. He'd take a piece of the elm bark, just about a quarter-inch square, and roll it up in his chewing gum to keep it hid. Then he taught me the technique.

"The idea is to get part of your grip wet, and the other dry. When the ball leaves your hand, it slips off your wet fingers and clings, just tiny-like, to the dry part on your thumb. The ball jumps on account of it. If it's a good 'un, it drops like a dead duck just when it crosses the plate."

Roe was handed a ball. He gripped it on the slick leather. Neither the thumb nor the top two fingers touched a seam.

"When you let go you squeeze a little more on the fingers," he said. "Did you ever squeeze a peach pit, or a watermelon seed, and let it shoot out? It's like that. You don't need much spit; just enough to cover the ball under the fingers, a nice thin layer. Some pitchers like to use more, but you have to experiment and find that out for yourself. Every once in a while, I'd get a little more than I needed on a pitch, and the ball would come back to me from the catcher, still wet. So, I'd get another spitter out of the same load. Why waste it?

"This ball is good and smooth. That's the best kind. If you get a scuff mark on the bottom, it might work against the spit on the top; that was one of the reasons I used to ask for a new ball so often. Another reason is that it gave me a chance to load up without being watched.

"Another thing, if you've got even one little grain of sand under your fingertip—where you grip the wet part

"END" OF SPITBALLING

The spitball was declared illegal in 1920 when a joint rules committee of the major leagues voted to bar pitchers from using "foreign substances" on the ball. The era of the hitters was being ushered in and pitchers were believed previously to have had an undue advantage. Although the question of danger was raised, the leagues permitted 17 hurlers already throwing the spitball to continue using it to the end of their careers. Pitchers like Urban Shocker (1916-28), Burleigh Grimes (1916-34), Stan Coveleskie (1912-28) and Red Faber (1914-33) compiled fine winning records using the spitter before they retired.

PREACHER ROE DEMONSTRATES



JUICING UP. Roe takes stick of Beech-Nut chewing gum which gives him "slick" saliva and helps pitch slip off his fingers just right.



TIPPING CAP, Roe rubs fingers clean on visor which earlier had been dusted with towel. Grit on fingers would spoil pitch.

of the ball—the spitter won't break an inch. I reckon I had 'teacher's fingers.' I could feel the smallest speck of dirt or sand. Sometimes I'd be ready to pitch, and I'd feel in my fingertips it wasn't right. Then I'd back off the rubber or throw over to first base and load it up all over again. It wouldn't make any difference if the dirt or resin was on your third and fourth fingers because you don't use them to pitch anyway.

"Sometimes, when I was ready to throw a spitter and saw that the runner on first was taking too much of a lead, I'd throw a wet one over there, and the ball would do things. But Hodges was good at catching it. He'd give me a big know-it-all grin as he tossed the ball back to me. Other times, with a man on third, I'd be in the middle of my windup, and suddenly feel a grain of sand under my fingertips. I'd have to go through with my windup, or balk, so I'd waste that pitch by throwing it wide, and then I'd make sure I did it right the next time.

"One way I figured out to keep my fingers clean, was to wipe 'em on the visor of my baseball cap. It looked like I was adjusting it on my head. I always made certain the visor was kept clean. I even went to the trouble of brushing it off with a towel on the bench between innings.

"It didn't take long for some of the hitters to figure there was something going on between my spitter and the way I fingered the cap.

"That was just fine for me. I started using the gesture as a decoy. That was as good as the pitch itself. From then on, even when I wasn't going to throw a wet one, I'd go to my cap just to cross them up.

"Jim Russell was one of the guys who suspicioned I was getting the spit from my cap. He was playing with the Braves then.

"This one day, I fingered the tip of my cap, and leaned forward to take the sign. Jim backed out of the batter's box and gave me a real hard look. He stepped back in again—and I touched my cap again. He stepped out. We did this three times. Finally, ol' Jim stood there, blind mad, and said: 'Throw the sonuvabuck and I'll hit it anyway.'

"I floated up a big, slow curve. Russell was so wound up looking for the wet one he couldn't unravel himself to swing. He just spit at the ball in disgust as it went by.

"Jim and the other guys who thought I was getting the spit when I went to my cap were close. I tried that in the early days, but I gave it up because it was too dangerous. I had to figure out a way to load up without getting caught. All one winter I wore my baseball cap. I'd be sitting in my living room with it on, and even wore it out in the woods when I was hunting."

Roe's hand strayed to his forehead. It dropped and he leaned forward.

"For hours at a time," he went on, "all I thought about was some foolproof way to get the spit to the ball without getting caught. I said to myself: 'They'll be watching me close after I come away from the resin bag. That is when they'll expect me to do the wetting. I got to set up the spitter before I go for the resin bag. I got to have a secret "source of supply" so I can squeeze the resin bag in my fingers, rub up the ball, and still keep the spit.'

"I fooled around with that idea for

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ROE'S RECORD

The Preacher was 22 when he came to St. Louis in 1938. Years in which he employed spitball are in boldface.

Year	Club	Won	Lost	Pct.
1938	St. L.	0	0	000
1944	Pitts.	13	11	.542
1945	Pitts.	14	13	.519
1946	Pitts.	3	8	.273
1947	Pitts.	4	15	.211
1948	**Bklyn.**	**12**	**8**	**.600**
1949	**Bklyn.**	**15**	**6**	**.714**
1950	**Bklyn.**	**19**	**11**	**.633**
1951	**Bklyn.**	**22**	**3**	**.880**
1952	**Bklyn.**	**11**	**2**	**.846**
1953	**Bklyn.**	**11**	**3**	**.786**
1954	**Bklyn.**	**3**	**4**	**.429**
Totals		127	84	.602

WORLD SERIES RECORD

1949	**Bklyn.**	**1**	**0**	**1.000**
1952	**Bklyn.**	**1**	**0**	**1.000**
1953	**Bklyn.**	**0**	**1**	**.000**
Totals		2	1	667

HIS OWN FORMULA FOR PREPARING THE SPITBALL



DEPOSITING LOAD, Roe pretends to wipe brow, quickly spits on meaty part of thumb where load is safe from resin



SHIFTING LOAD, Roe pretends to hitch belt, enabling him to dampen index and middle fingers in spit at base of thumb



GRIPPING BALL, Roe places his damp fingers on seamless spot he "wet up" under cover of his glove just before he launches pitch.



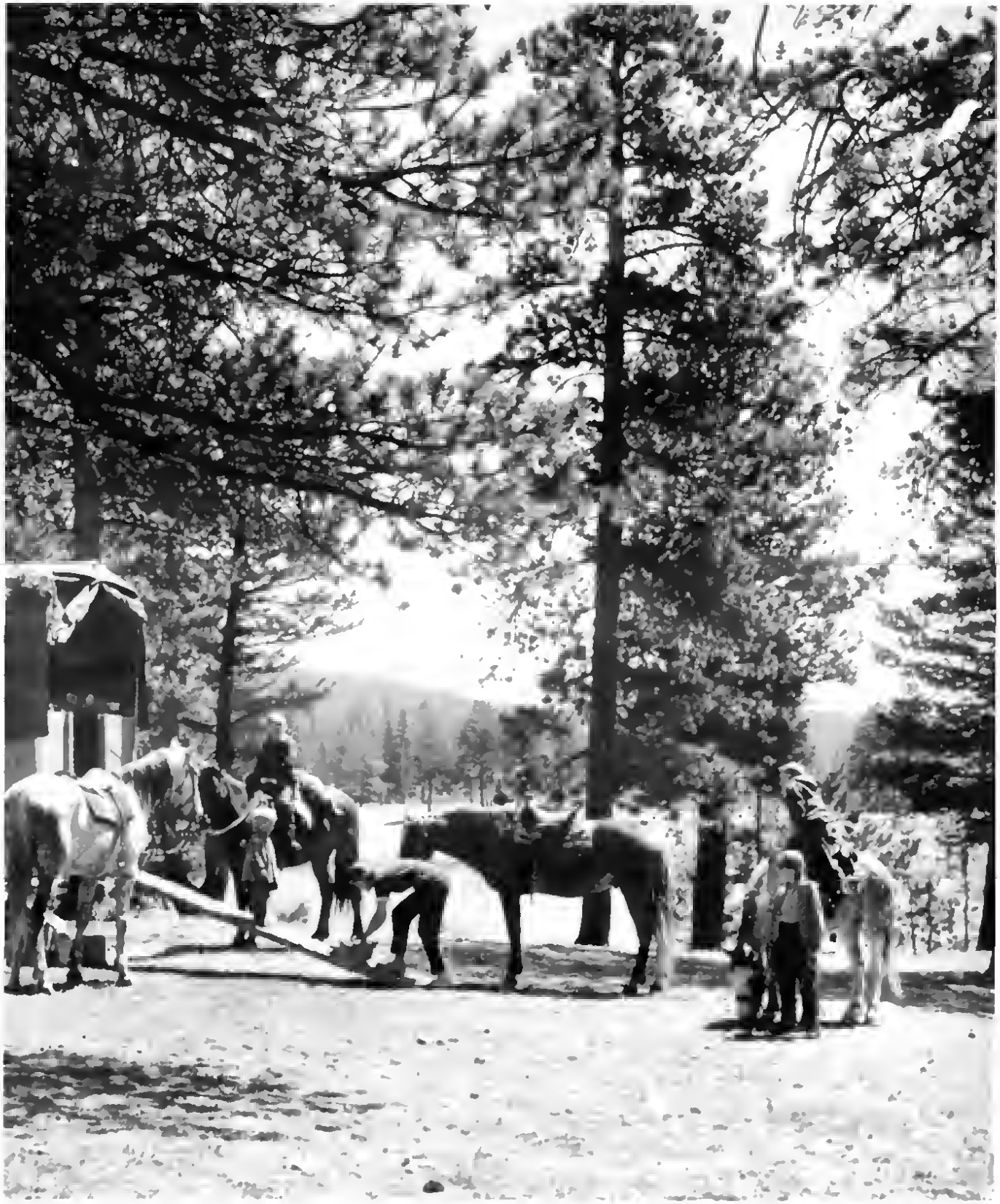
THE PRESIDENT TANTALIZES THE TROUT OF FURNACE BROOK, VT.



THE FAMILY OF CARROLL VAN ARK PREPARES TO LEAVE CAMP SITE FOR

SUMMER CALLS EAST & WEST

Summer formally arrived last week and reminded Americans it was time to get to their favorite woods, fields and streams. Abandoning the brick and mortar of Washington, D.C., Dwight Eisenhower treated himself to a six-day swing through the rural delights of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. In the midst of dutiful appearances on the



AN ALL-DAY RIDE ALONG THE WINDING TRAILS AND THROUGH ICY STREAMS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, CHILDREN DOUBLE UP ON HORSES

political hustings, Ike turned his attention to the serious business of outthinking the local trout. After an unsuccessful sortie in a Vermont stream *(above, left)* he moved on to the Magalloway River in Maine to battle its renowned trout and landlocked salmon (SI, June 27).

Two thousand miles away in Boulder, Colo. a couple packed their four children, horses and ample provisions into a large truck for a weekend of fishing, riding and camping in neighboring Rocky Mountain National Park *(above)*. City-dwelling dudes three years ago, the Carroll Van Arks thus became part of that great army of Westerners who are rediscovering the joys in their nearby forests.

FASHION WINS WHEN NASHUA COMES HOME

Every time Ann Woodward, wife of Nashua's owner, visits the winner's circle, she displays a different style for the occasion



FLORIDA DERBY: MRS. WOODWARD WEARS COTTON CORD SUIT, VELVET COLLAR AND CUFFS

PREAKNESS: Warm-weather fashion consists of silk print dress with straw hat.



BELMONT FUTURITY: Mrs. Woodward sports a cape-collar suit with bow, profile hat.



BELMONT STAKES: Fitted cloth coat and picture hat for a spring day.





WOOD MEMORIAL: HUSBAND WILLIAM WEARS TIE SEEN AT FLORIDA, KENTUCKY DERBIES; ANN WOODWARD HAS CAPE-STOLE

KENTUCKY DERBY: In spatter print and picture hat Mrs. Woodward still looks chic as Nashua fails her and loses to Swaps.



BELMONT BALL: In chiffon evening gown she dances with her husband on eve of Nashua's [illegible] victory in the Belmont Stakes.

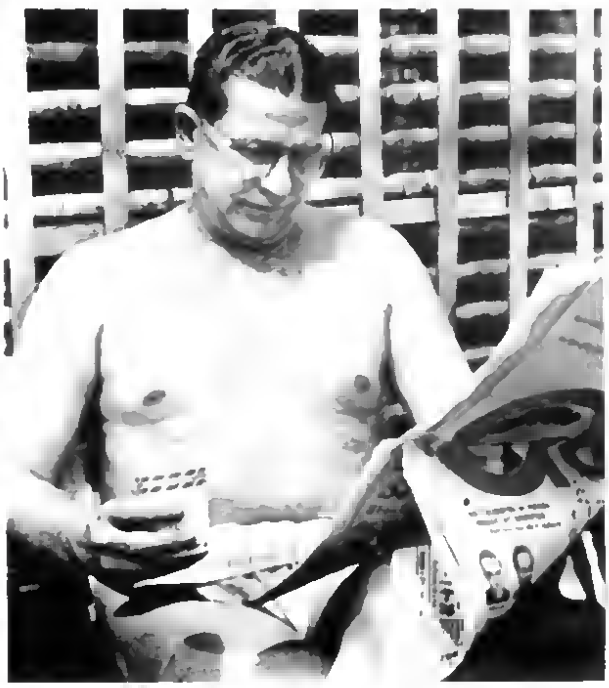


PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR SHAY

CHICAGO TAKES IT OFF



CALISTHENICS keep Newspaper Executive Merrill Meigs, 72, in trim. A University of Chicago football player in 1905, Meigs visits Charlie Postl's conditioning place three times weekly for exercise.



STEAM ROOM suits Judge Wilbur Crowley, 48, who prefers sedentary battle against the bulge in place of exercise. He is also a confirmed devotee of rubbing table, ultra-violet lamp.



PADDLING rejuvenates Financier Jules Fishel, 55, who once remarked, "I lost $15,000 this morning; I jump in the pool and feel like I made it back." By diet and exercise he lost 55 pounds in two years.



WRESTLING relaxes Lawyer Luis Kutner, 46, at the Town Club. Says Kutner, "Wrestling requires all your concentration, unlike golf where you can worry over problems between holes."



BICYCLE MACHINE burns up the excess weight on Ralph O'Farrell, 50, head of a detective agency. O'Farrell works hard at golf and fishing in season and devotes several hours three times a week to calisthenics and massage during the off-season. By these means he has knocked his weight down from 190 to 150 and pacified ulcers which began to gnaw at him 15 years ago.



BRAVE BULLS

by REGINALD WELLS

Once scorned by decent society as the associate of rogues and vagabonds, the tough-looking bulldog—considered by many to be the most courageous of all quadrupeds—is enjoying a new wave of popularity and interest, thanks in part to a magnificent specimen called Kippax Fearnought



"THE YALE ELEVEN," a picture made 30 years ago by an unknown photographer, was discovered in Scotland by Fabian Bachrach, is now a favorite with all Old Blues.

THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD and maligned member of the canine world is, unquestionably, the bulldog. His critics —most of them people who have never owned or lived with a bulldog—denounce him as ugly, sluggish and vicious and sneer at his upturned nose and his rolling gait. Bulldog fanciers, a growing army of dedicated perfectionists, retort that all these charges are base libel. This year they have more than indignation on their side, with the selection of Kippax Fearnought (*see cover*) as the nation's top dog. They also have the facts.

Despite their rather menacing appearance, bulldogs are among the most amiable and even-tempered breeds. They make excellent pets and house dogs and are particularly good with children, thanks to an inherited stoicism that *makes them almost impervious to abuse. They serve their* masters without question, but with the understanding that maximum effort will be expended only when it is worth it. When it *is* (as in chasing a cat), a bulldog can fly over a fence with the fleetness of a hound.

As for beauty—well, the bulldog has a perfect defense of his present-day appearance in this line from an old ballad: "You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied." For the bulldog look is almost entirely the work of man. It has been achieved through some 700 years of effort by breeders to produce the perfect bulldog. Perfect, that is, for the purpose for which he originally was bred: bullbaiting.

All the points in the breed's standard of perfection today

continued on next page

BRAVE BULLS

continued from page 29

were at one time useful and essential for the bulldog to perform its man-assigned chores of fighting other dogs, bears and bulls. Not until it began to specialize in the latter—about 1200—did the bulldog get its permanent name.

The origin of this breed, like many others, is speculative, but it is generally thought that the bulldog descended from the broad-mouthed war dogs of the early Britons, through the Alaunt, mastiff and Dogue de Bordeaux. The Alaunt, a large dog with a natural gift for hanging on to anything it attacked, was in the 13th century the favorite assistant of butchers, who used it to bring in fierce oxen.

THE SPORT OF ROYALTY

It was among butchers that bullbaiting first sprang up, but the sport was quickly taken up by royalty and commoner alike as a great public entertainment. With the development of this infamous pastime the evolution of "the dog to fight the bull" began.

In one of these savage contests a bull would be brought to the market place and tethered to a stake by a rope or chain around its neck. The bull was then irritated to a point of rage sufficient for "good sport." The dogs were set at it, and the contest was to see which dog could first pin the bull by the nose (its most tender part) and hang on until the beast dropped from exhaustion and pain. Sometimes the dogs were required to pull the bull backward round the ring.

Regardless of local ground rules the dogs had to be strong, ferocious, fearless and stoical. Even when tossed 30 feet in the air by the bull's horns, they were expected to return to the fray. The incredible obstinacy and tenacity of such early "bull-dogs" is attested in this extract from an 18th century description of a bullbait: "When once he has seiz'd him with his Eyeteeth, he sticks to him like a Leech and would sooner die than leave his Hold. . . . To call him away would be in vain; to give him a hundred Blows would be as much so; you might cut him to Pieces Joint by Joint before he would let him loose."

In breeding to get the best fighting dogs, butchers worked to produce a smaller, quicker animal physically equipped to pin and throw a bull 40 times its weight. Such a dog had to have a nose that was well laid back, with nostrils horizontal and facing upward, rather than normal perpendicular nostrils. This was necessary to enable the dog to breathe while retaining its grip on the bull's nose. Similarly, the shifting of the shoulders to the outside of the body, with the trunk swinging between them, a phenomenon not duplicated in any other breed, made it possible for the dog to crouch low to the ground away from the bull's horns.

The front of a bulldog was made wide and the brisket deep to provide a buffer zone for the heavy blows the dog received when the bull whirled it around and brought it crashing to the ground. Instead of landing on its feet, which would have broken its legs, the dog hit the ground with its heavy boned chest. A roached back and hind legs longer than the front were needed to aid it in springing at the bull, and the underjaw had to be longer than the upper jaw and curved up in front of the upper lip to provide an adequate grip. This strange jaw formation is the bulldog's most distinctive feature, and no other animal has it.

Bullbaiting lost its fashionable court following in 1685 but was enthusiastically carried on by the lower classes. Blackguards of every calling started breeding bulldogs, and they soon fell into the worst repute, being dubbed the mascot and companion of thieves and gamblers. Breeding along fighting lines continued for 150 years, during which time the bulldog reigned as the idol and main attraction at the infamous Bear-Garden, in Hockley-in-the-Hole, Clerkenwell Green, London.

Ironically, the bulldog's liberation from this savage life almost brought it extinction. The breeders lost interest when baiting, which was outlawed in 1773, finally died out in 1835; and so great was the stigma attached to bulldogs that persons of education would have nothing to do with them. The breed survived only because a few dog dealers of the day saw a chance to reintroduce (and rehabilitate) the bulldog as a novelty for exhibition.

The extreme ferocity and savage inclination were gradually bred out, and with the advent of open dog shows in 1860 bulldogs came back into public acceptance.

CRUEL METHODS USED

But while some of the bad points were bred out of the dog, some even worse ones were bred in. In trying to meet the standard, unqualified breeders produced grotesque caricatures of the breed. Massive, disproportionate heads were barely held on weak, bowed legs and if desired results were not forthcoming the natural way, inhumane mechanical methods were used. Sometimes noses were literally smashed back. Puppies were often reared in low hutches in which they could never stand upright and others were made to wear leather harnesses weighted down with metal. In spite of these enormities the bulldog flourished and with the formation of the Bulldog Club in England in 1875 was at last controlled and protected.

The first truly representative bulldog to be imported into the U.S. was a lightweight called Donald, which was sent over for the 1880 New York show by the Irish fancier, Sir William Verner. The interest in bulldogs in the U.S. was such that 10 years later the Bulldog Club of America was formed, and

From [illegible] of Dr. Edward M. Tudor



BULLBAITING was the cruel sport for which bulldogs were bred and named. Original terrierlike appearance of breed can be seen in this 19th century Alken print.

hy the turn of the century bulldogs were enjoying a boom period of fashionahle acceptance. Richard Croker Jr., son of the boss of Tammany Hall, had a large kennel which he frequently exhibited and Thomas W. Lawson, the financier, was his chief competitor for ribbons.

However, these rich fanciers were not interested in American-bred dogs and simply vied with each other as to who could obtain the best import. Fortunately for bulldogs collies soon replaced them as the pet of fashion and aincere breeders took over development of the breed in the U.S.

Today some 30 bulldog clubs are apread across the nation and membership runs into thousands. There are 3,769 hulldogs now registered with the American Kennel Club but this is only a fraction of the total number owned. Boston Terriers are often mistakenly called toy bulldogs but are really a separate breed, as are Bull-Mastiffs and Bull Terriers. All of them descend from the bulldog, which has also been used repeatedly to crosshreed courage into timid animals. For many years the hreed remained more or less steady in its 10th place of popularity, and at present stands 17th. Now, with Ch. Kippax Fearnought, it seems due to improve its position.

NATURAL WHELPING RISKY

No one is likely to get rich out of bulldog hreeding, however. The buff is the most difficult of all dogs to hreed and in no other species are excellent specimens so scarce. Because the standard calls for a head measuring in circumference the height of the dog at the shoulders, but also a short hack and narrow waist, natural whelping is often risky, if not impossible, and delivery hy Caesarean section is necessary. The life span of a healthy bulldog is hetween seven or eight years —shorter than most other breeds— and they are suhject to many ills. Heat, excitement and overweight all may contribute to shortening a hulldog's life. Bulldog experts insist that, given proper care, the hulldog has a constitution equal to any dog. This probably is true, but it is the necessity for such care that has made the bulldog the experts' hreed.

The bottom price for a good bull puppy is $100, and for that a hreeder clears little more than expenses, as the

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THE PUREBRED LOOK in bulldogs is as individual as in people, as this gallery of varying head shapes and expressions shows.

WINDJAMMING ROUND THE WORLD



Her foreyards squared like the clippers of old, the brigantine 'Yankee' recently returned to Gloucester, Mass. from an 18-month trip around the globe. On board were 21 amateur sailors—17 boys, 4 girls—picked from a long waiting list by Skipper Irving Johnson. Like most of the crew on 'Yankee's' world cruise—her sixth since 1932—Lydia Edes (left) of Plymouth, Mass. kept a diary of the voyage from which SI has selected the excerpts below

by LYDIA EDES

ABOARD the 'Yankee', 200 miles east of San Salvador, Nov. 10, 1953: We are well on our way, and so far there are no regrets. We have crossed the Gulf Stream, and are now sailing in the northeast tradewinds, moving at about 5–8 knots. The ship is a dream, the food good. I like the life more than I can say and my early skepticism was unfounded.

The watches go quickly, one hour at the wheel, which is still a big thrill to me, and the other three hours doing a variety of things from painting to learning to whip rope, scrubbing deck, handling sail; and for the girls, a little housework below in the main cabin. Have been aloft several times. I can really get up and down quite quickly, but I haven't enough nerve to tackle the yards yet. Those footropes just don't look very stable to me.

Cap Haitien, Haiti, Nov. 13, 1953: We have reached our first foreign port. I knew I would be excited, but I sure never thought I would be this thrilled. The most exciting part was a trip to the citadel of Henri Christophe, the Negro hero who drove the French out of Haiti during Napoleon's time. After he conquered the island he built a fortress 3,000 feet up in the mountains. We rode up to it on horses—some of the saddest old nags you ever saw, but they got us there. Our path led through the jungle most of the way, and you could reach out and pick oranges, avocados, bananas, breadfruit and mangos anytime. The citadel rises right off a tremendous precipice. It is absolutely fantastic to think that all the stone, tools and hundreds of enormous cast bronze and iron cannon were all hauled up there by hand. Inside the fortress a million cannon balls are still lying around. The amazing part is, the fortress was never completed or used. Apparently Christophe changed from a hero to a dictator and then took his own life; and when he died the whole project was abandoned.

Balboa, Canal Zone, Thanksgiving Night: Well, this is just about the most amazing Thanksgiving that this Pilgrim ever spent. We spent the holiday in transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific via the Panama Canal.

When we finally reached Balboa City on the Pacific end of the canal, we found preparations for a visit by Queen Elizabeth were in full swing. Her ship was to dock at Pier 18 which is the other side of the warehouse from us. We were the only people allowed on the dock except for the British and all the police. On Sunday afternoon, the Queen and Duke came out in a yellow Cadillac convertible and passed within 15 feet of where I stood. She is just as lovely as you have all heard—very pale, fragile complexion with lovely graceful features and a charming smile. The Duke is just as handsome as his pictures indicate, and is obviously a personality boy.

At anchor in the Galapagos, Friday, Dec. 20: We are living a sort of Robinson Crusoe existence here in the Galapagos, just moving from island to island as suits our fancy. The whole place looks like something out of prehistoric times. The black rocks have many little crabs on them, which look like the ones at home, about the same size, but bright red and very colorful. All around you see black, jumbled cliffs, with birds of all kinds and big lizards called iguana in among the rocks; occasionally a little green vine or yellow flower in contrast to the blacks and grays.

Incidentally, we have collected some strange types of food in these islands. We have had whale steak several times and it is delicious—good red meat. Johnnie Herrick

Heading out toward South Pacific, 'Yankee's' balloon jib and square-rigged forasails catch tradewinds. For more pictures of cruise, see next seven pages. Text continued on page 41



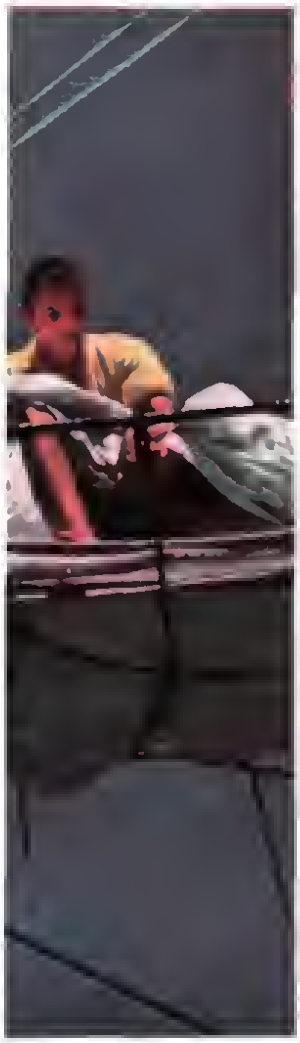
FAR OUT AT SEA, CREWMEN MIKE WILCOX, JOHN McDANIEL AND DICK BLAIR BEAR A HAND OUT ON THE BOWSPRIT WITH 'YANKEE'S' BALLOON JIB

HIGH-SPEED DUNKING is enjoyed by Johnny Herrick, bouncing along through the *Yankee*'s bow wave in a bosun's chair



MENDING SAIL. Lydia Edes, whose abridged diary of trip accompanies these pictures, works with old-fashioned needle and palm.









PANAMA CANAL passage sends the *Yankee* crew scrambling up rigging onto yards. Unlike larger ships such as freighter *Santa Isabel*, *Yankee* went into Gatun Locks *(above)* without help of tow lines, had close call when water pouring into lock sent her surging toward concrete side of lock.



NANTUCKET SLEIGHRIDE behind whale they harpooned off Galápagos provides rare thrill for *Yankee* crew. The whale finally succumbed after three-hour battle when sharpshooters aboard mother ship pumped 27 high-powered rifle shots into it.



BABY SEA LION that was captured ashore on Barrington Island in the Galápagos is taken aboard ship by pretty Edith Corning, 24, of Cleveland.



PRIMITIVE POLYNESIANS, sporting gaudy tattoos, play host to Electa Johnson, wife of *Yankee* skipper, at remote Anuda Island east of the Solomons. Anudans, who still make their clothing out of pounded bark, are rare Polynesian group in Melanesian area surrounding Solomon Islands.





MANTA RAY, measuring 18 feet from tip to tip, is brought to the beach by Ed Shelmerdine *(left)* and Art Johnson, son of *Yankee* skipper, after harpooning adventure in Galápagos waters.



PENGUIN FAMILY, coming aboard at Elizabeth Bay off Albemarle Island, inspects the ship under the amused supervision of Johnny Herrick. The *Yankee* had many animal visitors during South Seas cruise.

SNUG IN HARBOR OF MOOREA ISLAND NEAR TAHITI, 'YANKEE' WAITS QUIETLY AS A SUDDEN SQUALL ROLLS DOWN ON HER FROM THE MOUNTAINS





UNCHARTED WATERS of Sepik River in New Guinea draws *Yankee* adventurers, who nose the ship with lookout perched on the bowsprit some 250 miles into jungles near Uncontrolled Territory.



BALINESE DANCER, whose complex art has been handed down to him through many generations, performs near the gate of ancient temple to the accompaniment of a native gamelan, or orchestra.



HIGHLAND NATIVES in mountains of New Guinea interior crowd around Ray Jewell, *Yankee* crewman whose engagement to diarist Lydia Edes was announced after *Yankee* returned to the U.S.



WORKING ELEPHANT, wrapped in chain harness used for dragging massive teak logs out of jungle, heaves up a muddy river bank in northern Thailand under the direction of a native mahout.



MONKEY DANCE is performed under flickering torchlight by more than 100 swaying, chattering Bali natives. In this primitive dance, called *ketjak*, half-naked Balinese crouch like monkeys on each side of open aisle, babbling and slapping thighs as sound rises and falls in uneven rhythm until suddenly natives on one side of aisle jump up to harangue, and other side rises to answer.



CHINESE JUNK noses past *Yankee's* bow as Lydia Edes and Edie Corning break out cameras. *Yankee*, 10 months out of her home port of Gloucester, Mass., was cruising off North Borneo when junk drifted by carrying firewood to Hong Kong. Future *Yankee* crews will see fewer and fewer of these ancient craft, which are being replaced by less picturesque but more efficient powerboats.



WINDJAMMING

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shot a 20-pound snook. We baked that for dinner. We have butchered two of the three sea turtles and have had turtle steaks several times, also turtle liver. We have a large hunk of wild beef in the deep freeze and a wild pig too. Our goat supply is bountiful.

Pitcairn Island, Jan. 20, 1954: Late in the day we hove to about 10 miles off the island and waited for dawn the next morning to move in close to Bounty Bay. The cliffs come right straight down to the water's edge all around the circumference of the island. And this landing place, where the *Bounty* was run aground and burned, is nothing to be tackled by anything but an islander who has learned, after years of practice, how to land a small boat there.

One of our hosts on the island was a man named Vernon Young, a descendant of Edward Young, who was a midshipman on the *Bounty* and one of the original band of mutineers who settled Pitcairn in 1790. There are several Youngs, Christians (descendants of Fletcher Christian) and one McCoy left on the island. The rest of the names come from outsiders who have settled here since.

On Saturday, the Sabbath on Pitcairn, we went to their church. The regular pastor had gone to Henderson Island with most of the other men, so Fred Christian, a most picturesque character, conducted the service. It was something to sit there listening to a Christian sermonizing in that little church, surrounded by other *Bounty* descendants, while the original *Bounty* Bible lay in a case forward.

The island of Tomman off Malekula, New Hebrides, May 5: Here we came upon the extraordinary "pig" society of the New Hebrides. A man's wealth depends on the number of pigs he has, and more specifically, the number of tusker pigs, i.e., those which have had the two upper front teeth removed so that the two lower front teeth grow to an abnormal size, often curling around and growing right back again into the lower jaw. A man's wife, or wives as the case may be, is only as good as her ability to care for the pigs, making sure that nothing happens to them before the pig is killed amidst great ceremony and the circular tusks removed to become a great symbol of wealth.

From Tomman, we moved over to Pentecost Island to see the Pentecost Manhood rites. The Pentecost natives prove their manhood by diving toward the ground from towers constructed of tree branches and vines sometimes 75 feet high. The only thing that prevents death is a cluster of vines tied around their ankles and attached to the jumping tower. The vines stop the divers with a tremendous jerk just as their heads and shoulders are about to touch the earth. All during the six hours that it took the 28 jumpers to dive, a weird dance and chanting was carried on by the men and women of the village at the foot of the tower.

Only one diver balked and finally refused to jump although one small boy, about 8, had to be pushed off the end of his board.

Guadalcanal! Dawn on Saturday morning, May 29: I was on the morning watch from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m. when Ray Jewell, the ship's cameraman, shook me to say that we were steaming through "Iron Bottom Bay," with Guadalcanal to port, Florida and Tulagi off to starboard, and the bowsprit pointing directly at Savo Island.

As we came aheam of Lunga Point, some of us sat out on the bowsprit with field glasses, scanning the beaches which are still littered with rusting wrecks of landing craft, trucks, tanks and barrels. In fact, the whole north coast of the island appears this way, and as we neared the anchorage at Cape Esperance we could see two rusting hulks of Jap transports run aground there during a counterinvasion. Honiara came in sight after we rounded Lunga Point. There was Henderson Field and many old GI buildings. "Route 50," which runs from Honiara out toward Lunga Point and which was at one time perhaps the busiest highway in the world, is now just a single lane of dusty coral. We stopped by the Tenaru River, scene of some of the bloodiest warfare the world has ever known. All of this section is now completely covered by second growth. The new trees haven't gained their full height, but it is impenetrable all the same. Here and there you can see a blackened, naked tree standing out against the green background, while some of the surviving coconut trees are dotted with shrapnel holes. The many flowers, mostly red ginger and a wild yellow flower, make the scenery quite beautiful, despite the grim feeling you get while traveling through.

We spent quite a lot of time at Henderson Field. It is now just a huge open area, overgrown with long yellow grass. Except for a small snake and a swarm of yellow jackets which inhabit the tower, the whole field—object of months of fighting in 1942-'43, is entirely deserted.

New Guinea, June 25: We first dropped anchor at Lae. New Guinea is such an inaccessible territory that flying is literally the only way to get from one place to another. A great deal of the interior is still dangerously primitive, and the job of patrolling this territory is not to be envied. We met one patrol officer in a remote hill station who told us that only eight months before two of his fellow officers had been killed by natives way up the Sepik River. The majority of the natives are very friendly, however, and they greet you by patting you all over—and I mean ALL over. The women, called *marys*, are especially strong on this; but once you get used to it, you no longer shrink back when a *mary* approaches you with hands beckoning and cooing *ay-yeh!*

The most exciting New Guinea adventure came in a very remote area some 7,000 feet high in the mountains, where the entire crew witnessed thousands of the not-so-long-ago cannibalistic New Guinea natives as they celebrated in a gigantic "sing-sing." The ceremony, the biggest in New Guinea in years, had been going on for months, and we arrived for the climax—the slaughtering of some 1,500 pigs, carefully raised for years for this event. The sing-sing covered nine villages, and in each one there was a scene of great confusion, the core of which was a large group of native men marching and dancing in a confined area. After lingering in one village for a while, I moved upward to the second village about 15 minutes away and met most of the crew up there. On the way I gathered quite an escort of men, women and children, also making their way to another dancing and celebration center. Dragging that gang along with me, I felt like a jungle version of the Pied Piper.

continued on next page

HEADING HOME through horse latitudes between St. Helena and Barbados, *Yankee* crew edges out along footropes of foreyards to break out port stunsl. *Yankee* is the only vessel in the world that still carries this special rig which Skipper Johnson designed from plans he found in books about old square-riggers.

WINDJAMMING

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That evening a couple of us climbed the high promontory right behind our camping ground after supper and watched and listened to New Guinea. We could hear the drums beating from far distant hills and other celebrating villages; watch the little flickering lights move up and down the hillsides as natives moved from center to center for more dancing, and pick out the brighter reddish spots which marked the feast areas.

The next day we saw the big pig-killing. In each village the sight was the same—many, many pigs staked out in the compound—perhaps 60 75 in a village. Some had feathers attached to their heads, others were decorated with the same bright paints as their owners displayed, and often we saw a woman comforting an animal she had raised for years. At 10 a.m., zero hour, two natives, armed with crude hand-cut clubs of iron wood, advanced on the first pig, helplessly tied to the stake. The first dealt a blow on the head which usually stunned the animal sufficiently to down him, but if not, the second man struck with killing force. As soon as the first pig was dead, more natives advanced on their animals, and the air was filled with the sound of the blows and intermittent squeals. After a while you got used to it, but the first two came hard.

The pigs were then hauled on top of a fire built in a pit in the ground; and they were left there until each animal swelled up to a puffy mass—blackened and odoriferous. They were then crudely carved with razor-sharp knives made from thin pieces of bamboo The heat of the sun at noontime, the fires, the smoke and the stench of burning flesh was terrific.

After the meal Ray asked the natives to sing again, hoping to catch it on a beat-up tape recorder he had hauled up from the valley. They started feebly, but soon worked themselves into a frenzy and sang in some amazing primitive harmony, accompanying themselves on their drums. I was sitting down and they began to close in, partly out of curiosity and partly from excitement. They were almost on top of us, and all I could see were hundreds of big, black horny feet and the blunt ends of the ceremonial spears—a really creepy feeling. It was an experience I shall never forget.

Bangkok, Sept. 13: Armed with a bottle of malaria pills, box lunches, a bit of English reading matter and instructions from Doc (Dr. Edwin Pyle) not to drink anything but bottled water, Ray and I arrived at the large train station in Bangkok. We were going north to visit the teak forests and photograph the elephant herds working the huge logs.

We were on our way from 6 p m. one night till 5 p m. the next, being hauled along by a Japanese wood-burning engine.

After 24 hours on the train, we arrived at Chiangmai and learned that there were elephants definitely working some 86 kilometers south of the city. We rode down, believe it or not, in a taxi, and the first thing we saw when we arrived at the camp was an elephant tied to a tree. As we walked to meet the Siamese foreman, we counted 14 more. To our amazement the foreman announced that he would have four of them hitched up in the noon sun to work so we could take pictures. What a break.

Meanwhile, the *Yankee* had gone on to Singapore, where Ray and I joined her after a long series of train rides, the last aboard a Malayan train that took 24 hours going through some territory that was partially held by Communist guerrillas.

The train bristled with well-armed British troops. As we rode along in the night, our train was protected by a "pilot train," or armored rail car that preceded us by about 500 yards, sweeping the track with light, looking for possible derailments and mines. It's funny how calm I felt. Actually, though, when you are this close to danger, you rarely think about it.

Bali, Oct. 10: This place is difficult to describe for, like Tahiti, Bali is an "atmosphere," or a way of life, that is almost impossible to put into words. From the brilliant, sunbaked seashore to the great plateau area of terraced rice fields, and the chill mountain resort where we had to wear sweaters and socks to bed, Bali is almost totally unspoiled.

The natives here believe strongly in reincarnation, and we were fortunate in seeing one of the biggest cremations in years. When a Balinese dies, his body is buried until someone really important also dies. This may be years later, but the bones are exhumed to be burned with "the important person" in order to save the soul from the devil properly. In the ceremony we saw there were about 50 mourners. Each carried a package about the size of a ham, containing the remains of their deceased. The bones were wrapped in white and decorated with Chinese coins and bits of colored paper. As a small group of men did a wild dance, brandishing staffs and singing to the weird music of the clanking orchestra, the long line filed to the end of a tall, flimsy ramp, where the bundles were passed, bucket-brigade fashion, to the top of a high pagodalike structure. Both ramp and pagoda were then raised up on the shoulders of many men and borne down a narrow path toward the cremation site, swaying as the bearers began to run with them, screaming and shouting, while two men high up on the pagoda wailed and threw rice over the crowd. We stepped back to avoid being trampled. Dodd Harris jumped just in time to avoid being hit by an arm that had fallen out of one of the bundles as the tall pagoda became more and more unsteady.

The mourners lined up once more, received their bundles again and put them inside the many wooden effigies of bulls lined up in the center of the cremation site. Then they lit the fire. They burned everything—effigies, bodies, pagoda and mounting platform, and the spirit of gaiety increased as they stood back and cheered. Almost nothing survived the flames except the skeletons of the wooden bulls which remained standing, though charred and black.

At sea off East Africa, Dec. 12: After a long, slow trip across the Indian Ocean which was comparable to crossing the USA at the remarkable speed of five miles per hour, we began to approach the shores of Africa. Early on the morning of Dec. 9, the lights of Mombasa were sighted. It was the longest port-to-port passage the *Yankee* had ever made—26 days, and it had been 39 days since we left Bali.

The next day Jack Hendrickson, our star hunter, Dodd, John McDaniel and Brad Bloomer left with an Indian guide for a big-game hunting expedition. The more sedentary members of the crew left the *Yankee* and piled into a large Diesel-powered bus for a sightseeing ride.

After a two-hour trip over the parched coastal plain, we came into the bush area. Tall green grass, rolling hills, occasional streams cutting through and forming a muddy water hole, thorny bushes spaced apart so as not to appear impenetrable but only uncomfortable, and many more



'YANKEE'S' ROUTE covered 40,000 miles from Gloucester back to Gloucester. She sailed through Panama Canal, Pacific Islands, Indian Ocean, and ended with homeward leg through Atlantic and Caribbean. Preparing for trip, *Yankee* stocked more than 2,000 nautical charts, but many Pacific atolls were uncharted, forcing crew to guide ship by lookout stationed in rigging.

trees with great thick, pitted gray trunks supporting a small number of branches with dark green leaves. The bright red earth added beauty to the general scene. Soon antelope of various sorts appeared among the bushes, and *ostriches strutted awkwardly, their plumed tails bobbing.*

Against the sun, way over to our left, someone finally made out the rounded top of Mt. Kilimanjaro, and it really seemed as though we were in Africa then. Giraffes, way off in the distance, made a most extraordinary sight, their nubby little heads poking way up *above* the trees.

At sea aboard the 'Yankee' between Capetown and St. Helena, Feb. 5, 1955: During the first days out of Capetown, a damp cold settled down over the ship. The woolies came out again, and we bundled into our bunks when not on watch. We were so intent on keeping warm that even the sight of a huge whale not more than a hundred yards from the ship brought only a few hardy souls up on deck to watch him jump almost completely out of the water and sound, going straight down. We picked up the southeast tradewinds by Feb. 4, however, and settled into the pleasant routine of a sea passage. Watches passed quickly with lots of work to do, and sleeping, letters and handiwork took up the rest of the time. One lone albatross followed the ship as we headed north for St. Helena.

St. Helena: As we approached the dark, forbidding cliffs, it looked, indeed, like a prison. What a place to be stuck!

We dropped our anchor in the open road-stead opposite the town and waited for some of the islanders to come take us to shore. They brought us into a tiny landing, through huge combers that only these islanders can handle safely.

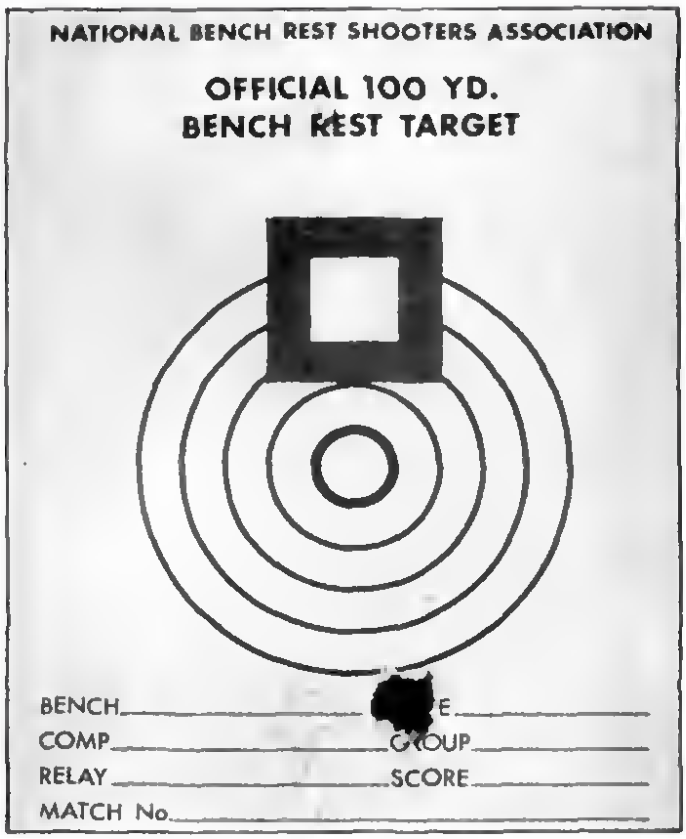
Inland away from the barren coastline, the island was totally different. Bright hibiscus and bougainvillaea colored the countryside, and the small houses tucked in among the occasional groves of Norfolk Pines completed a pastoral scene. The narrow, well-paved road took us close to a shady path where we walked a short distance to the floor of Geranium Valley. Here the white, flat, nameless tomb of Napoleon lies adjacent to the spring that he used to visit during his exile. Approximately 12 x 8 feet and raised only about six inches from the ground, its white surface is entirely blank because the reigning governor of the island during Napoleon's exile refused to recognize his former power, belittled him by calling him "Mr. Bonaparte." Napoleon, whose body was returned to Paris in 1840, demanded that his first name be used, and as a result his first monument bears no identification.

At sea aboard the 'Yankee,' 150 miles southeast of Barbados Island, B.W.I., March 15, 1955: Barbados is just over the bowsprit, and we expect to make our first landfall in over three weeks early in the morning. The South Atlantic is behind us, and the approaches to the Caribbean, though gray and squally, are giving us some good winds and fine sailing. It is a fitting climax to six weeks of wonderful sailing from Capetown to the West Indies—a distance of some 5,500 miles as the *Yankee* has traveled.

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, March 28: During these last weeks we have been winding our way through the narrow channels and passages of the Virgin Islands, and after waving a greeting to *Atlantis*, the work ship of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, we entered the main harbor of St. Thomas–Charlotte Amalie. This group of islands seemed greener than the rest, and a later tour of the island revealed that the surrounding waters are cluttered with many irregularly shaped islets. Perfect gunkholing territory.

Bermuda, B.W.I., April 12: We tied up alongside a U.S. Coast Guard cutter, and found Mac's parents aboard it waiting for us. Later, John Nelson's mother and sister surprised him by appearing on deck. He had no idea they were coming. Johnnie Herrick's family nearly made a nervous wreck out of him as he made dozens of trips to the airport, complete with an orchid which gradually got more and more tired looking, waiting for them to arrive from Boston. Bad weather had delayed them and by the time they came, Johnnie and the orchid were both thoroughly wilted, but both were warmly greeted by the family.

We will leave tomorrow for the States. If we make a fast passage, we will go to New York, pass up the East River and into Long Island Sound toward New England. We will proceed up to New England, pass through the Cape Cod Canal and on to Gloucester. If we are early enough, we will anchor the last three nights or so, to keep warm down below, and I sure hope we can do this. We will all be looking forward to the big homecoming celebration we hear is planned in Gloucester. END



WINNING TARGET of Wallace Hart, who put 10 bullets through hole (shown full size above) at 100 yards. Heavy square is 'scope's aiming point.

WORLD'S FUSSIEST SHOOTERS

No minuscule detail of gun or ammunition can be overlooked by the rifleman out to set a new bench-rest record in accuracy

by PAUL R. WALKER

At DuBois, Pa. recently a group of 140 riflemen got together to try and break a world record in what is undoubtedly the strangest form of shooting regularly practiced. The experts call it bench-rest shooting because the rifle is rested on a sturdy bench and snugged down in sandbags. Human error—the most decisive factor in normal target firing—is deliberately and carefully eliminated until it is negligible, for the object is to test the accuracy of the gun and its ammunition. It is fiercely competitive shooting and to a large degree experimental, with the rifles made to order by gunsmiths for cartridges not obtainable in stores. But its value is a highly practical one: as a result of this little-known shooting, a number of superaccurate cartridges are in the process of evolution, among them one which may help us win the 300-meter match in the coming Olympics.

It happens that no world records fell at DuBois, but the Memorial Day weekend matches were none the less remarkable for the fact that a pair of teen-age cousins outshot their elders. Wallace Hart, 19, put 10 bullets into a target 100 yards away which made a single hole measured at .2717 inch. (Bench-rest shooters don't trouble to shoot at a conventional bull's-eye, but concentrate on making one "group" anywhere on the target. The widest-spaced bullet holes are then measured center to center and the resulting "score" is expressed to four decimal places. To appreciate young Hart's .2717 score, let me mention that O. A. Rinehart's world record is .2402. Charles Hart II, who is 15, won at 200 yards with .6260 inch, less than a 10th of an inch larger than Sam Clark Jr.'s .5276 record.

Men go to excruciating lengths to have their rifles achieve such scores. The gun's forearm is usually rested on a pedestal adjustable for height and holding a sandbag. Another sandbag is put on the bench under the toe of the stock and so manipulated that the crosshairs of a powerful (20X or higher) telescope sight quarter the aiming point. There are more elaborate devices, including a forward pedestal on wheels that run on tracks, the idea being to rest the rifle in the same way from shot to shot so it will recoil straight back and not flip to one side or the other as it is fired.

There are two targets—one for sighting shots and one for record. You can shoot as many sighters as you wish provided you save time enough to get in all your shots for record. The aiming point at 100 yards is a white square, half an inch on a side, in a black ground. Somewhat larger white squares are used at 200 yards and at 300 meters (328 yards). You adjust your telescope sight so that when you aim at the white square you put your shots down near the middle of the target. Thus you do not mess up your aiming point with bullet holes. If your first shot for record is well off center you do not correct for the next one as when aiming at a bull's-eye; you try to keep your succeeding shots where your first one was.

Anyone looking at such a group as Wallace Hart's, which makes one small ragged hole in the target, might ask how the men scoring the target knew that 10 bullets had gone through that hole. Couldn't a man who had four or five shots in a tight cluster fire the rest over the target and claim he had fired 10 on his target?

The answer is "No." There is a backing target behind the target at which the shooter fires. This consists of a



TEEN-AGE VICTOR among 140 marksmen in 100-yard match was 19-year-old Wallace Hart, shown loading his bench-rest rifle which was made for him by members of his family. Only the telescope sight and its mounts were purchased commercially.

hand of wrapping paper moved by an electric motor. It travels only a few inches during the 12 minutes allowed for a 10-shot match, but it moves enough so the bullets that make a single hole in the target make a string of holes in the backing target.

When you register at a bench-rest match you are asked to fill out a card naming the man who made the barrel of your rifle, the maker of the stock, the type or make of action, the load you are using, the make and power of your telescope sight and the man who fitted and chambered the barrel. Young Charley Hart wrote that the barrel of his rifle was made by Clyde Hart of LaFayette, N.Y. (his uncle); that the stock was made by Bob Hart, his father; that he was using the .222 cartridge case loaded with 20 grains of No. 4198 powder and a homemade bullet of 50 grains, and that his 'scope was one of 24 power made by John Unertl. When it came to naming the gunsmith he wrote: "Grandpa." Grandpa is Charles Hart Sr. who not only fitted and chambered the barrel but also made the action. The five Harts all shot in the matches.

continued on next page



NIGHT SHOOTING at lighted targets resulted in better scores because wavering wind dropped and there was no bothersome "mirage" (rising heat waves) to blur the targets.

FUSSIEST SHOOTERS

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A bench-rest rifle that will average under a half inch at 100 yards, or under one inch at 200 is a real hot gun. By way of comparison, a real hot big-game rifle will average two inches at 100 yards with factory ammunition, or four inches at 200.

Because the rules go as far as they do to minimize the human error, a boy (or a man) can learn to shoot bench rest in far less time than it takes to learn how to shoot a rifle when standing. Primarily, bench-rest shooting requires fine equipment. It also requires some knowledge. Its adherents are ready, even eager, to supply this knowledge.

One thing the rules can't do anything about is the wind. The DuBois range, though a fine one, lacks proper wind flags. There were flags down at the targets. But a wind flag at the target only tells you what the wind is doing at a point where it no longer matters. What matters most is the wind over the first half of the range, and owing to natural obstacles this may be quite different from the wind down at the target.

Wallace Hart saw a stalk of timothy part way down the range and directly below his target. He could watch the head of the stalk while he was aiming at his target, except when the wind bent it enough so it was out of the small field of his telescope. He decided to shoot only when the head of the stalk was in the field. He had found himself a natural wind gauge and he was smart enough to use it.

The shooting at DuBois on the first day was at 300 meters and then at 200 yards. It continued until late at night when the last of five 10-shot matches at 200 was rained out. The targets were electrically lighted so they were as easy to aim at as in full daylight. The scores improved after dark because the wind had died a bit and perhaps also because there was no "mirage." In riflemen's language mirage is air, looking like thin smoke, rising off a warm surface. Most people have seen it rising off a hot road. Mirage makes the target seem to dance in a disconcerting manner. But it may also serve to show how the wind is blowing.

Bench-rest rifles are highly specialized and so is the ammunition. You cannot buy either in a gun store because the factories do not make them. They have such heavy barrels that they commonly weigh from 16 to 20 pounds. The rifle I shot at DuBois was the product of as many specialists as the rifle Charley Hart shot.

The ammunition for a bench-rest rifle is as highly specialized as the rifle. The factories must make ammunition to such tolerances that it can be used in rifles of their own or any other good make. The first thing a bench-rest shooter does with his cartridge cases is to load and fire them. He calls this "fire forming." As a result the fired cartridge cases now fit the chamber of his rifle more closely than would otherwise be possible. He then reloads these cases. The next thing the shooter does with a new rifle is to try various loads of powder and various weights of bullets in order to find which combination shoots best in his rifle.

Finally, the most successful bench-rest shooters make their own jacketed bullets in a hand-operated press. The complete tools for doing this cost around $200. If the shooter is skillful he can make more uniform bullets than a production machine can. Furthermore, setting no more value on his time than most hobbyists, he can check the weight of his bullets on a fine scale and measure the diameters with a micrometer caliper. He can, and does, reject bullets that are not the same within narrow limits.

John Holmes of Northville, N.Y. made the bullets I shot at DuBois on a press of his own design (he also stocked the rifle). I shot only four of the five 10-shot matches at 100 yards. I had not fired the rifle before the matches at DuBois, so I hadn't had a chance to experiment with loads. However, the rifle gave me an average of just better than a half inch. I also missed one of the five 10-shot matches at 200 yards. Here my average for four matches came to just under 1.3 inches. I was holding well but not doping the wind well. I'm confident that I have a hot rifle—one to which I did not do justice.

It may be a long time before a rifle using bullets larger than .22 caliber will equal the .22 at 100 and 200 yards. But it seems likely that a larger caliber than .22 will prove better at 300 meters. The light, short .22 bullet of 50 to 55 grains doesn't buck the wind well. It is noticeable that the .22s do not shoot as well at 300 meters—in proportion to the distance—as they do at shorter ranges. Thus the record for 10 shots at 300 meters, held by Clair Taylor, is 1.740 inches as against the 200-yard record of .5276 inch.

Bench-rest shooting has taught men how to build rifles and load ammunition that up to 200 yards surpass in accuracy anything known to the world five years ago. It is likely that the present records will be broken within a year—maybe some of them in the National Bench-Rest Championships to be held at Johnstown, N.Y. over the Labor Day weekend. After more than 400 years of trial and error the accuracy of rifles, which is a variable, is approaching the limit. This limit, the target shooter's dream, is to put all the bullets in the same hole. END



SEQUENCE OF SHOTS is recorded on roll of wrapping paper drawn slowly behind each target to record every bullet, proving whether required number of shots have been made

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SO—season opened (or opens) **SC**—season closed (or closes) **C**—clear water, **D**—water dirty or roily; **M** water muddy **N** water at normal height **SH**—slightly high **H**—high, **VH** very high, **L**—low, **R** rising **F**—falling **WT50** water temperature 50°, **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair **FP** fishing poor **OG** outlook good **OF**—outlook fair **OP**—outlook poor

TROUT: PENNSYLVANIA: Most streams in central section of state are still **SH** and fishing is slow, best bets are Big Spring and Letort's Spring Run, where a good bucktail man may latch onto some fairly big browns of an evening (and then again he may not). In Allegheny Forest streams are **N, C, FF G** with few anglers in sight; local talent is taking four catches on dry fly from big eddies on Tionesta above Mayburg early and late in day. Northern-tier county streams **L, C, WT** 64-70, **FF** but long fine leaders and cautious approach are essential; Pine Creek experts start at 5 a.m., are home by 8; best bet for dry-fly action is Cross Fork at dawn and dusk.

NEW YORK: West Branch of Ausable is producing a few browns from "lagoon" water above Wilmington on evening rise to spotty hatches with best action 8 p.m. to dark; our agent says badger spider may raise browns to 20 inches in "bush country" water below Wilmington. Esopus River slowed down last week after red-hot action on stretch below portal, but outlook is good as **WT** stays around 65 and few fishermen are on water.

OREGON: Central region is still best area for trout as lakes and rivers are **H** and **SD** but producing good catches of browns and rainbows on spin lures and large wet flies, some high lakes are still snowbound but thaw is in high gear and outlook is good.

MONTANA: **FF** on most streams as water recedes; best are Madison and Big Hole, where stone-fly patterns are deadly; **OG** as water continues to drop and clear.

WYOMING: Most Yellowstone Park waters in top shape and **FG**, with Firehole River a standout for dry-fly action; **OG** in all Park water.

CALIFORNIA: **OG** for July 4 weekend on both slopes of Sierra and lowland creeks and lakes as runoff is over and waters are **C, N** and well-stocked. Best bets in north and central regions: lower sections of Mattole, Bear and Van Duzen creeks, upper Sacramento, Trinity and tribs, Hat Creek from Pit to Lake Britton, Lake Almanor and Fordyce Lake area, Truckee and Little Truckee rivers, Sagehen Creek, Frog and Weber lakes; on west slope of Sierra try the Tule, Kaweah or Kern rivers (well-planted in lower parts, with good wild fish in upper stretches); on east slope of Sierra, golden trout **SO** July 1 *in Cottonwood lakes and tribs with easy limits* for bait and fly-fishers (try Grey Hackle sizes 12 to 16). Owens River **SH, F** and clearing but mosquito dope is absolute must. Upper Rock Creek, upper Rush Creek and Big Pines Lake are good producers and **OG** through July 10. Hot Creek **L, C, FG** as fair rainbows take #16 Quill Gordons and Ginger Quills wet or dry, with big browns as bonus for hard-working experts; **OG**.

MICHIGAN: Drake hatches have peteted out in lower peninsula streams but **OF** and improving for daylight fly-fishing for natives and rainbows on Black, Pigeon, Sturgeon and Pere Marquette rivers. On Au Sable, Manistee and Platte rivers the larger browns lay low by daylight but **FG** with big dry flies at dusk and dark; **OF**.

COLORADO: Best trout fishing last week was on Grand Mesa where lakes are ice-free clear **OG**. When Denverite Fred W. Redless, Jr. on way to Jefferson Lake, spotted big trout in outlet pool he drifted worm to it after 30 minutes beached 10-pound 14-ounce German brown. Laramie River **N, C, FF G** with bait and flies. **OG**. Colorado River (Rifle area) **F, C, FF, OG**. Upper Blue River clearing, **FG, OG**. North Fork of South Platte (where Ike fishes) **H, D** but **F** and **FG**. Roaring Fork **H, D, FF, OP/G**. Frying Pan **SD** (but **C** in upper part), **FG, OG**. Yampa River **H, C**, fishing and outlook excellent.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Most interior lakes producing well on fly and **OG** until **WT** in lower lakes tops 60 degrees about July 15. Most coastal streams **H** with late snow runoff and estuary fishing is best bet now (but good cutthroat catches reported from Salon River up to White junction). **OG** for Buttle, upper and lower Campbell and Mohun rivers.)

MAINE: Pierre Pond petered out in 1940 after four years of big-trout production. Last week a 6-pound brook trout indicated this Carathunk Lake may be on way back.

NEW MEXICO: In Jemez area all streams and Fenton Lake in good condition and **FG**, with dry flies favored by fish and fishermen; **OG**. Cow and Bull creeks **FG** with dries. **OG**. Red River and upper Rio Grande **FG, OG** for browns and rainbows.

WASHINGTON: Best bet in state is Ross Lake where **SO** July 1 (but road travel between Newhalem and Diablo is restricted to convoys during day, leaving Newhalem 8 a.m., 10-15 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.); try still-fishing off restricted areas at mouths of Big Beaver and Ruby creeks **FF** at Whatcom Lake for silvers, cutts and rainbows. **OF G; FG** with flies at Skagit's Clear Lake; Silver Lake producing rainbows to 14 inches; On west side Cushman, Lawrence, Alder and Clear lakes **FG, OG**; on east side Buffalo, Waunacutt, Spectacle and Pearygin lakes **FG, OG**.

TUNA: NEW JERSEY: First school tuna of season was big news on Jersey coast last week; school was 65 miles SE of Shark River Inlet and may be within 30 miles of coast and in range of boats out of Brielle Point Pleasant and Belmar by now. Tuna are from 10 to 35 pounds; **OG**.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Fish are in most pools of Miramichi and tribs but are taking poorly, although skillful anglers are killing a few on small flies. Reluctance to take fly on Northwest Miramichi caused by rough handling at counting fence, say local savants. A few fish reported from the Nashwaak, but annual drive of pulpwood may spoil sport on Hartland and other good pools on St. Johns River through this week; **OF**.

NOVA SCOTIA: Most rivers in province **SH, F** after rains last week, best-producing streams are Medway, North River, St. Marys and Margaree; **OF**.

PACIFIC SALMON: OREGON: Salmon mooching now good at Winchester and Newport. Herring have appeared in large numbers and is best lure. Winds in afternoon hamper small boat fishing but **FG** and **OG**.

CALIFORNIA: Trollers off Farallones hit jackpot to 10 pounds past week. Now's time to fill the deep freeze. Chinook chasers elsewhere off coast virtually skunked.

WASHINGTON: Snow runoff mood is clearing fast in Northwest. Hope Island hot with kings to 47 pounds taking spoons. Best spots in lower Puget Sound still in Tacoma area. **FG, OG**.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Silvers now up to good size at most points, 6 to 8 pounds fairly common. Campbell River, Little River (Comox) and Qualicum recommended. Plenty of spring salmon up to 20 taken from Vancouver and Howe sounds, Pender Island as well as Vancouver Island hot spots. Outlook for silvers and springs good to excellent. Big tyees may show at Phillips Arm and Browns Bay within two weeks.

COBIA: LOUISIANA: When Mike Jamhon in the cruiser *Big Runner* saw a 30-pound cobia follow his boat off Grand Isle he offered it every lure in his large collection, lost patience, jiggled tip of rod in water, gaffed fish when it swam up to have a look, hauled it aboard.

MUSKELLUNGE: ONTARIO: **SO** July 1 and spy says hottest spot in province is west arm of Lake Nipissing; other good bets are Big Island area of Bay of Quinte (SE of Belleville) and Moon River in Parry Sound area, where wobbling spoons or pikie-minnow plugs cast or trolled at edge of weed beds should take fish.

MICHIGAN: **FP** and getting **Per** on Lake St. Clair; **OP** until fall fishing starts.

PENNSYLVANIA: **SO** July 1 and action should be fast in Allegheny River from Tionesta to Tidioute.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Fastest fishing since '48 reported by Cape Cod Canal informer as over 500 bass from 20 to 45 pounds were taken there last Saturday a.m., mostly on reverse atom plugs and poppers; **OG** even though peak is passed. **FG** at Race Point in Provincetown as Nauset Beach and Back Cape Shore area taper off. **FG** at night along Cape *Cod Bay shore from Corn Hill to Brewster* for smaller fish. Charter boats in Cape Cod Bay had first good catches last week while Cuttyhunk slowed to hard fishing. A few fish are still reported from Fawn Bar, Winthrop and mouth of North River in Marshfield-Scituate area. **FG** on morning tide at mouth of Merrimark River off Newburyport at Plum Island, and **OF, FF** at Pebbly Beach, Gloucester.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Stripers have started schooling around the Santee-Cooper diversion canal but biggest fish are being caught above Pinopolis powerhouse by deep trollers; **OG** through July 15.

NEW JERSEY: **OG** from Avon to Bradley Beach as surfers and jetty jockies took many big bass last week with most fish caught at break of dawn on calico crab bait, and trollers scored on stripers in 35-pound class plunked from big schools trading off jetties just north of Seabright to Highlands. Daylight trollers favor very large bunker spoons while big plugs and rigged eels are nighttime choices. Rowboat fishermen at Seabright-Rumson Bridge had field day last Saturday with 4- to 8-pound bass, caught 50-odd before school scrammed.

BLACK BASS: FLORIDA: Pete Williams Lakeland fisherman got to thinking about 10-pound 8-ounce bass he caught in Lake Marion (E of Haines City) a month ago, went back last week, caught 10-pound 8-ounce bass. Heavy rains last week put zip in many central-state bigmouths. **FG** in Kissimmee River from Highway 60 bridge S to Lake Okeechobee, **OG** next two weeks. Little Lake Harris (near Leesburg) and Lake Tarpon (near Tarpon Springs) are giving up big bass to live-bait experts and should keep producing through July 15, with top water plugs and bugs getting after-dark action.

LOUISIANA: Cajun agent says **FG, OG** in Lacasine Bayou, recommends fly rod and #6 Black Gnat wet. In northern part of state there's action in James Bayou (empties into Caddo Lake) and **OG**.

NEW YORK: **FF** on St. Lawrence River from Cape Vincent to Alexandria Bay and **OF G** as water warms. Good bet for smallmouth as **SO** July 1 is Ashokan Reservoir, N of Kingston (but New York watershed permit is needed).

MISSOURI: Current River (lower part) **C, N, FG** with live bait **OG**; Eleven Point River **C, N, FF** with plugs best; **OG**.

TARPON: NORTH CAROLINA: While fishing for ladies in surf at Cape Hatteras Junius Clemmons of Southport hooked and landed 41-pound tarpon, first of season in this area.

FLORIDA: Entire west coast is tarpon-infested but hottest fishing still at Boca Grande Pass, where Tampa doctors Ingraham Winslow, Cofler and Knight boated 26 out of 28 jumped last week but released all of them.

BLUEFISH: NORTH CAROLINA: Blues plentiful from Kitty Hawk to Hatteras and Ocracoke but running on small side.

NEW JERSEY: Strangely bluefish trolling and chumming on Barnegat Ridge, which had been excellent for several weeks, fell away last week to next to nothing. Our scout convinced that disappearance of blues, or disinclination to strike, is merely temporary. On basis of past performance the Ridge and Barnegat Inlet should look up this week.

MASSACHUSETTS: There was a slight slowdown last week after arrival take. A few taken in Buzzards Bay on trolled feathers and small plugs. Better in the Craigville to Osterville area and should move into Chatham within week.



History has a way of being made in San Francisco . . .

Three weeks ago, Jack the giant killer Fleck made golf history in the most thrilling U. S. Open since a 20-year-old unknown named Francis Ouimet eclipsed the great and unbeatable English stars Ray and Vardon back in 1913. And at the same time, another newcomer, though perhaps a little better known in its field, was making another kind of history, as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED took the Bay Area by storm, from the Peninsula across the Golden Gate to Marin.



WELCOME: On June 16, 23,500 copies of SI's June 20 issue arrived in the Bay Area, with Ed Furgol on the cover, a conversation piece with Ben Hogan, a Preview of the Lake Course by Robert Trent Jones, the background of the Open by Herbert Warren Wind, and 15 color photos of the major contenders. Leading sports telecasters welcomed SI to guest-star. (Left, KCBS' Carroll Hansen greets SI's Asst. Publisher Dick Neale.)



PLAY-OFF: On the great play-off day SI's celebrated golf authority Herb Wind (shown here, left, with Tony Horlow) takes notes for his on-the-spot report that was to make SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's follow-up issue on the Open as thrilling and informative as the Preview had been.

MERCHANTS everywhere featured SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, particularly the sports-wear and sporting goods windows of leading stores such as Roos Bros. (shown at right), Bullock-Jones, Buckley, Ltd., Richard Bennett, Maison Mendessolle. Color blowups of SI golf pictures gave retailers of all kinds a chance to join in the fun, as the golf stars tell on San Francisco.

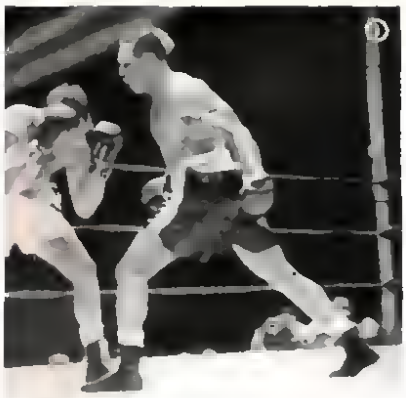




GUMP'S famous gallery invited golfers and West Coast sport luminaries to celebrate its showing of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's exhibition "The Art of Golf in Art". (Left, Mr. and Mrs. Harvie Ward with the Open's Ed Carter.) Guests at Marin County's Meadow Club dinner-danced in the atmosphere of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's banners, color photos, displays. Pro shops all over San Francisco decorated up with SI blowups.



AFTERMATH: Jack Fleck got up at 4 o'clock Monday morning after the Open to appear, courtesy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, on Dave Garroway's coast-to-coast TV show "Today". Then golf and SI left San Francisco to the UN and a speech by the world's most celebrated amateur golfer. It had been an exciting sports week—and made even more enjoyable and memorable by the presence of America's new, exciting sports weekly.



MOORE STARTS THE KNOCKOUT LEFT HOOK...



IT GOES TO JAW THROUGH OLSON'S GUARD...



MOORE ADDS A SHORT RIGHT AS BOBO SAGS...



AND REFEREE COUNTS OUT THE CHALLENGER

BOXING

by BUDD SCHULBERG

AFTER DISPOSING OF MOST OF THE HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDERS, ARCHIE MOORE LICKS A MIDDLEWEIGHT AND THUS EARNS A SHOT AT THE TITLE

IT LOOKS as if life is going to begin at 40 for Archie Moore. The "records" to the contrary, he's at least 39 now, and a 39-year-old fist fighter is something like a 60-year-old ballerina. Sure, it's possible, but you have to see it to believe it. Thirty is the great divide for most fighters. It's an 18-to-30 sport, and anybody functioning effectively into his fourth decade is a phenomenon. Even the great ones buckle in these middle years. Joe Louis was losing his magic at 33. The 35-year-old Ray Robinson is a creaky imitator of the incomparable Sugar Ray we want to remember. The indomitable spirit of Mickey Walker wasn't enough to keep him on his feet against the Paul Pirrones and the Eric Seeligs once he crossed the bar of 33. A good man like Ezzard Charles is an old man at 34.

But Old Man Moore keeps rolling along. He says he has a secret formula for losing weight, but when will he let us in on the secret of how to extend the vigors of youth into middle age? They say that a good big man will always lick a good little man, and maybe that was the wrap-up on Archie's workmanlike job on Bobo Olson last week in the Polo Grounds. The ring was set up in the infield, over the pitcher's mound, and in the third inning it was three clean strikes from Old Arch and Bobo was out. Bobo is a strong middleweight, as they go these days, but Archie played with him for a couple of rounds and then put three punches together and Olson, as a San Francisco reporter put it later, "was hit right out of his mind."

The ancient gypsy from St. Louis, Toledo, San Diego and wherever the hell he happens to be at the moment has hit a lot of good boys out of their minds over the years, but instead of catapulting him into the big time, his triumphs were liabilities standing between him and the logical matches he could never make. Nobody doubted he was the best light heavyweight in the world six or seven years ago, but the championship in those years was handed around from Gus Lesnevich to Freddie Mills to Joey Maxim. Four years ago Archie was knocking out heavyweights in Argentina because there was no way of his making money at his trade in America. He had never fought in the Garden. He had to stand aside while men half his age and with a smaller fraction than that of his ability got their names on the Eighth Avenue marquee. A couple of years ago he got a shot at Joey Maxim's 175-pound title by offering to fight for nothing. Archie had no more trouble with Joltless Joey in '52 than he would have had with him in '47. In 144 bouts over 20 years Archie's problem hasn't been his ability to win. His toughest fights are to get the guy into the ring with him in the first place.

But at an age when most fighters are 10 years retired, Archie Moore's long-postponed day is dawning. Last year he knocked out Harold Johnson to retain his light heavyweight title and took nine rounds to dispose of Bob Baker, Al Weill's idea of the next best thing for Rocky Marciano. This year Archie licked Nino Valdes, who had the No. 1 heavyweight contender rating, which should have put him in with Marciano, but out in San Francisco after the Cockell fight Al Weill was still talking Baker. How did Baker rate it if Old Arch had knocked him out and had twice beaten Valdes? The boxing business has a different logic from other sports. Especially when, as in the case of Mr. Weill, you are in charge of the logic.

THE UNNEEDED PROOF

Last week when Moore calmly took Olson apart in less than eight minutes of fighting, nothing was proved that had not been known for a long time to followers of the ring. His advanced years haven't yet caught up with Archie's reflexes; if he's a little slower than he used to be he makes up for it with ring guile, the cute tricks of defense, sneak punching and feinting that are becoming a lost art in these days of boxing decadence.

Archie Moore has been knocking over heavyweight contenders and running a full-blown press campaign for a Marciano match for the past year and, as they say, he was getting nowhere with rapidity. Now, by an odd turn of fortune, he knocks out a man who

weighs 50 pounds less than Bob Baker and his right to meet Marciano is recognized at last.

Overnight the man who took 19 years to get into the Garden and 20 years to make it out-of-doors in the ball park has become a public figure instead of just a fighter's fighter, the one they all want to learn from in the gym and avoid in the ring. Al Weill won't have to "make" this match, as Cockell's was made, an artificial concoction that made no money and no friends for Rocky. Here, at last, is a match which has been made for him by public opinion. That "million-dollar gate" talk is in the air again. The match has that solid ring to it. There is, for a change, difference of opinion as to who will win. Rocky had two arduous nights with craftsmen who knew more than he did and were able to punish him by moving around him and beating him to the punch.

The first Walcott and Charles fights —two of the best contested heavyweight battles I ever saw—could be the models for Archie Moore's big try. If there is anybody in the world who has a chance with Rocky, it's the cagey old hopster who knows more about his trade than the whole heavyweight division put together. He'd be the oldest heavyweight champion in the history of glove fights, if he could do it, and just as Harlem had a special feeling for Joe Louis, and New England Italians get an extra charge from exploits of their Brockton strongboy, middle-aged fight fans short-winded and 40 inches around the belt line may take a Pitkinish pride in the prowess of their contemporary, the grand old man of this bloody business now that Deacon Jersey Joseph Walcott has sat down for the last time.

Despite a sentimental pull in Archie's direction because we were both born during Woodrow Wilson's administration, and regardless of strong sympathies for a man with overdog abilities and underdog opportunities, I'd like to cast an early vote for Marciano, an awesome competitor. In his dressing room after Archie's left hook had blacked him out, Bobo Olson was described by attending physicians as being "in a state of semi-shock . . . staring glassily into space" and when no physical injuries were found the medics went psychological and decided it was his pride that had been jarred because he had convinced himself that he would beat Moore and then turn the Fitzsimmons trick by taking Marciano. But Bobo was a middleweight pretending to be a light heavyweight and Archie was a hard-hitting heavyweight momentarily sweated down to 175. When Bobo got back to San Francisco early next morning he was able to talk again, but what he said had a subjective tone. Appraising Moore and Marciano, he oracled, "The one who lands the first punch will win." As a boxing critic, Bobo makes a pretty good middleweight. Archie Moore may land the first punch, just as Jersey Joe did in Philadelphia. But Rocky landed the last punch 13 rounds later. In between Rocky took some bombs that would have caved the normal professional. Archie will hit him some left hooks but instead of swooning glassy-eyed Rocky will keep coming.

MOSS FOR THE STONE

Still, it will be a busy and interesting and profitable evening for this old stone from San Diego who is finally rolling into the big money after fighting for small change from here to Tasmania and back again by way of North Adams, Mass. and Panama. END

SOCIETY



JAMES D. NORRIS (IN DARK SUIT) GREETED BY HOST D'ANTONI (IN SHIRT SLEEVES)

MR. BLAISE D'ANTONI IN GALA NEW YORK DEBUT

On the eve of the Archie Moore-Bobo Olson *affaire d'armes* Mr. Blaise D'Antoni, wealthy figure in New Orleans' colorful boxing society (SI, June 27), made his debut as host to sports-loving New Yorkers at a gala affair in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. D'Antoni wore a simple contrasting ensemble of a $250 white cashmere jacket, $100 blue cashmere trousers and $85 slippers. His hair was brushed high off the forehead and straight back over a small, widening baldspot.

As the evening progressed Mr. D'Antoni removed his jacket, tie and collar in an amusing gesture of informality. "A social lion is in the streets," one of the guests remarked, dipping into his snuffbox.

With delicate understanding of the amenities, Mr. D'Antoni had arranged not one reception, but two, since he had two guests of honor. The first, in the Waldorf's Le Perroquet Suite, was for Mr. James D. Norris, president of the International Boxing Club. The second, in one of Mr. D'Antoni's two personal suites, was for Mr. Frankie Carbo, president of boxing. Mr. Norris and Mr. Carbo have a convention of meetings only over cups of coffee, and Mr. D'Antoni was serving only champagne, whisky, Mountain Valley water and big talk in Le Perroquet Suite.

Discreetly appreciative of the situation, Mr. Norris, who wore a brown suit and kept his jacket on, departed before Mr. Carbo's arrival, but not until his host had introduced Mr. Norris to the assemblage with a pretty speech of admiration for his many fine qualities. To acknowledge the applause Mr. Norris walked front and center to the ever-flattering, pure Dixieland of "When The Saints Come Marching In."

The buffet which followed was served from a table groaning under the weight of an enormous eagle carved in ice and surrounded by caviar ($400 worth), lobster, turkey, ham and other delicacies.

After Mr. Norris had left, selected guests were advised to reassemble in Mr. D'Antoni's quarters. There Mr. Carbo, gallant participant in many a duel outside the *code de l'honneur*, soon made his entrance. The party had been as gay as his tousled gray hair until he entered. Thereafter it became as somber and reserved as Mr. Carbo's gray tweed suit.

Those who remained to greet Mr. Carbo included: Mr. Al Weill, manager of Rocky Marciano; Mr. Charley Johnston, president of the International Boxing Guild; Mr. Chick Wergeles, former manager of former fighter Beau Jack; Mr. Honest Bill Daly, treasurer of the Guild; Mr. Doc Kearns, man about boxing; Mr. Willie Ketchum, supposititious manager of the lightweight champion, Jimmy Carter, and also known as The Undertaker, Mr. Steve Ellis, manager of the non-champion, Chico Vejar; Mr. Squeeza da Banana Pucci, matchmaker without portfolio; Mr. Charlie Black, manager of Frankie Ryff, a bleeder; Mr. Tex Pelle, a friend of Honest Bill; Mr. Larry D'Antoni, son of the host; such boxing society writers as Mr. Billy Stevens, New York *Enquirer*; Mr. Jim Boyack, Pittsburgh *Courier*; Mr. Lester Bromberg, New York *World-Telegram and The Sun*; Mr. Caswell Adams, New York *Journal-American*, Mr. Al Buck, New York *Post*.

BASEBALL

THE RED SOX ARE NO LONGER THE OLD SOX. FROM BOSTON SI'S MAN REPORTS ON THEIR RESURRECTION AND TED WILLIAMS' PART IN IT

by ROY TERRELL

NEARLY every pennant-winning baseball team has one player who may be singled out as "the difference" between finishing first and second. In the case of the post-World War II Yankees, it was Joe DiMaggio. In 1950, when the Phillies triumphed in the National League, it was Jim Konstanty. And last year, of course, it was the Giants' Willie Mays.

It is much rarer, however, to discover one man who is capable of lifting up a weak, second-division team and sending it on a run against the league leaders, possibly fast enough to become a pennant contender. Yet the 1955 Boston Red Sox are that kind of a team and Ted Williams is that kind of a man.

It has not always been so simple to evaluate the psychological worth of Williams as opposed to his purely physical contributions to the Red Sox cause. Usually morose, often sullen, reticent to a fault, Ted was a man who worried, at least on the surface, only about Ted. He did his job magnificently and let a succession of Boston managers, general managers and fans worry about whether the remaining members of the team were doing theirs. Forced into a succession of comebacks by military service and injuries, Williams on each return to the Red Sox lineup produced a terrific display of fence-rattling fireworks. This did not, however, inevitably generate an accompanying upward surge by the team as a whole.

But this year has been different and there is no one, from Manager Mike Higgins to the batboy, who denies the difference has been Ted. A month ago the Red Sox were battling tooth and claw to stay out of seventh place. Now, the hottest item in the American League, they have moved up to challenge the brash young Detroit Tigers for a spot in the first division. They could, conceivably, go much higher.

At first it was a slow process, almost as if the Red Sox were hanging back, waiting to see if this piquant stranger was really the formidable Ted Williams of old. Then, convinced, they started up the ladder. They won five games, lost one, won four more, lost another, won five more in a row. In a period of three weeks, hitting and running and fielding like no Red Sox team has in almost a decade, Boston won 14 of 16 games and moved into a tie for fourth place. Then, with Williams sitting out four games with a sore back, they suffered a temporary derailment at the hands of the sharp-pitching Chicago White Sox. But it had been an eye-popping streak, made even more impressive because it was at the expense of good ball clubs like Cleveland (which lost only two games to Boston during the entire 1954 season) and Detroit, and it started the leaders worriedly peering back over their shoulders.

NO RUST ON TED'S SWING

Certainly some of this success was attributable directly to Williams' hitting. He walloped a triple and a double in his second game on May 29 and the next day hit a home run. Plagued by improper conditioning, a cold and a recurring back ailment, the big slugger had some bad days; but he had some good ones, too. A few examples: two home runs and a single June 10 when Boston beat Detroit, 5-2; a home run and two doubles June 14 (Boston 12, Kansas City 4); two home runs June 19; a three-run homer which beat the Tigers two days later; three doubles on June 22. At the end of his first 21 games, Ted was hitting .387, had driven in 24 runs and slammed 9 homers.

But if Ted's physical contribution to the drive was great, there was an even bigger *reason why the Red Sox were* winning. Suddenly revitalized by the new, almost incredible, spark-throwing Williams personality, Boston became a good, hard-hitting ball club where before it had been languishing along at a 17-24 pace. The simultaneous improvement in so many individuals was too marked to be coincidental. The big guy was back, the Sox were glad and they began to show it. Jackie Jensen, rapidly gaining stature as one of the game's real stars at the plate, in the field and on the bases, has always maintained he hit better with Ted in the lineup. He promptly began to prove his point. Rookies Norm Zauchin and Billy Klaus profited by some batting tips from Williams, and have been clubbing the ball at a terrific pace. But not only have the rookies and younger players like Sammy White and Jim Piersall responded; so have such veterans as Billy Goodman and Grady Hatton. And, for that matter, so has the pitching staff which Yankee Manager Casey Stengel several weeks ago called "a whole lot better than people have been giving them credit for," but which was suffer-



"That's not what we mean by 'skin diving,' Miss La Farge!"

ing mainly from a shortage of runs. Now the Sox are getting runs.

"It's meant a lot to have him back," says Higgins. "Not only the hits he gets but he takes the pressure off the rest of the team so they can play better ball and puts pressure on the opposition, so they can't do so good. It is more up here," he adds, tapping his forehead, "than down here," clasping his hands around an imaginary bat.

This is, indeed, something new. Always a man willing to work with young hitters, both on his own team and around the league, Williams has been doing even more of that than usual. Klaus, Zauchin, Jensen, Piersall and others credit Ted with boosting their averages. So does Detroit's phenomenal youngster, Al Kaline, who said a ten-minute session with Williams was the most valuable discussion of hitting he has ever heard.

In actual combat, Williams seems as eager as a rookie. Before, when Williams hit a home run, he trotted around the bases, face set, and accepted the few congratulatory handclasps with all the warmth of the bonefish he likes to catch during the off-season. Now he clearly shows his joy and, when he gets back to the dugout, the whole squad, including Higgins, climbs all over him, pounding his back and shouting obscene pleasantries.

Whatever the reasons behind this marvelous temperamental transformation, its impact on the Red Sox is noticeable off the field as well as on. The old Williams was respected and sometimes feared by his teammates, but was not much liked and was seldom publicly praised. Now listen: "He's fantastic," says Eddie Joost. "The greatest, that's all," adds Hatton. And Higgins, when informed at one point that Williams was hitting .415, only nodded and said: "That's about right for him. That's the level hitter he is. I often wonder why he doesn't hit .500 every season."

As an example of the responsibility Ted bears, and the Red Sox's faith that he will meet it, consider an occurrence in the June 10 game against Detroit. With the score tied and two out, Klaus lined a double down the right field line. When everyone looked up at second base, however, Billy wasn't there—he'd stopped at *first*. Later he explained his actions. "I figured if I went to second, leaving first base open, they'd walk Ted. If I stayed on first, they'd pitch to him and we might get some runs." Klaus was perfectly right. The Tigers pitched to Williams. He hit a 3–1 pitch into the right field seats. END

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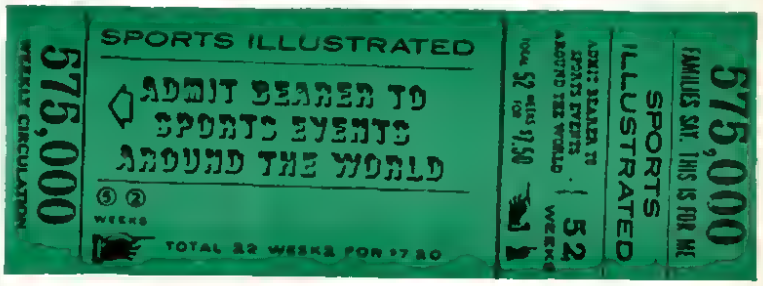
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MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

MERCEDES INTRODUCES A NEW NOTE OF CAUTION IN THE DUTCH GRAND PRIX AS ITS GREAT FANGIO-MOSS DUO CONTINUES TO DOMINATE THE CIRCUIT

THE last time I visited the little Dutch resort town of Zandvoort its scrubby dunes were a maze of concrete pillboxes, a tangle of barbed wire left by the departing Wehrmacht. But that was 10 years ago. On Sunday, June 19, 1955, the sands had been cleared and a beautiful 2.6-mile race course laid out through the hilly dunes. The occasion was the fifth Dutch International Grand Prix. Some 50,000 people were clustered over the dunes.

Ironically, there was no Formula I event at Zandvoort last year because the Germans couldn't get ready in time. This time they were more than ready, with three silver cars that shimmered in the timid sunlight: the W196 Grand Prix jobs with straight-eight, 270-hp fuel injection engines and short wheelbase "Monaco" chassis—the same machines that swept the board in the Belgian Grand Prix two weeks before when Mercedes' Juan Manuel Fangio and Stirling Moss finished one-two.

The day before the race, Mercedes officials, determined that there must never be another Le Mans disaster, rented the course for trial laps to check crowd safety measures. The big silver cars roared smoothly around the route, which is shaped like a Dutch fisherman's cap. The base and peak of the cap provide a fast kilometer straight, where the swiftest machines can do 140 mph past the grandstands and pit row. At the end of the peak is a banked turn called "Tarzan Corner," from whence the cars weave through a short section immediately behind the pits, then negotiate a left-handed climbing hairpin before they vanish from sight.

When the Mercedes came in from the trials, Team Manager Alfred Neubauer said: "We'll run if provisions are made for a car-wide lane, 600 meters long, leading off from the straight into the pit area. No car can cut into that lane ahead of another." The sponsoring Royal Dutch Automobile Club agreed, and by race-day morning a drying yellow line established the lane.

At starting time, it looked like a tight three-cornered battle between Mercedes and the red Ferraris and Maseratis, with France's blue Gordinis having an outside chance and the "independent" drivers no bet at all. Mercedes occupied the front row of the starting grid: World Champion Fangio on the pole, Stirling Moss, Karl Kling. Fangio's best practice lap was one minute 40 seconds (93.60 mph); Moss was four-tenths of a second slower; Kling took 1.1 seconds longer. Second row belonged to Luigi Musso's Maserati and a Ferrari driven by Le Mans victor Mike Hawthorn, replacing Giuseppe Farina; third row to the Maseratis of Jean Behra and Roberto Mieres and Maurice Trintignant's Ferrari.

As the starter's Dutch tricolor wavered for the final dip, Fangio, jumping the flag by a split second, was already on the move, with Musso's Maserati trying to climb up his tailpipe. At Tarzan Corner, Fangio led around the uphill turn behind the pits; Musso was second, Moss third, Behra's Maserati fourth, Kling's Mercedes fifth; then Trintignant and Hawthorn in Ferraris. Less than five seconds separated the top seven as they vanished from sight in swirl of dust and smoke. The order was the same when they came zooming down the straight to complete the first lap. Fangio's time from a standing start was one minute 52.3 seconds—83.34 mph.

On lap two, the pattern was set for the remaining 98 laps; Fangio in No. 8 Mercedes; Moss in No. 10; Musso, relegated to third with No. 18 Maserati. Kling's Mercedes, sandwiched between the Maseratis of fourth man Behra and sixth place Mieres, was unhappily driven. On lap 12, Kling spun and dived off the road into a wood and out of the race. He escaped unhurt.

The formidable Ferraris were disappointing. Hawthorn in No. 2, never higher than seventh, made a pit stop on lap 20, losing a lap. Monaco conqueror Trintignant in No. 4 eventually crept up to fifth place before retiring on the 67th round with gearbox trouble. As for the Gordinis, it was not their day. Robert Manzon, leader of the contingent in No. 20, was running 10th when, on the 45th time around, his rear axle quit.

THE WALTZ-AROUND

A thin drizzle set in and Herr Neubauer, pacing up and down in front of the Mercedes pit, clamped his hat on tight and trained a nervous eye on Musso's Maserati, but nothing happened. With the precision of animated dolls in a toy ballet, Fangio and Moss waltzed around and around to a classical rhythm, braking, shifting, cornering in perfect unison. Fangio, a truly great champion, tried every trick to shake off Moss, but to no avail. Sometimes he came hombing down the straight with a three-second gain, but along the short section behind the pits, Moss, engine screaming, was back on his tail. Almost unnoticed, Mieres' Maserati—hopelessly behind—clocked the day's fastest lap in one minute 40.9 seconds.

The checkered flag finally dipped on Fangio and Moss, a car-length apart; then on the Maseratis of Musso (54 seconds later) and Mieres; on Eugenio Castellotti's Ferrari and Behra's Maserati, three laps behind; on Hawthorn's Ferrari with a five-lap deficit; on Da Silva Ramos' Gordini No. 22, and independent Veteran Louis Rosier's blue Maserati, seven laps astern; Jacques Pollet's Gordini No. 24, trailing the leaders by eight laps; lastly on Johnny Claes in a yellow Ferrari, touring around 12 laps back. No one was surprised that Fangio had set a new record average of 90.16 mph for the Dutch Grand Prix. (END)



TIP FROM THE TOP



Useful for all golfers, particularly beginners

from **HOMER HERPEL,** *pro at the Algonquin Golf Club, Webster Groves, Mo.*

When you are playing a chip shot from off the edge of the green, I think it is a sensible practice to visualize this kind of stroke as a close cousin to the putting stroke.

What I mean more specifically is this: in chipping from the apron, just as in putting, the club head should follow a straight line from the top of the backswing through impact with the ball and on to the end of the follow-through. Imagine that your ball is lying atop a yardstick that is pointing toward the hole. Your club head should stay directly above the yardstick during all phases of the chip shot. Your stance will be open with your left foot at approximately a 45° angle to the pin, in order to facilitate the proper movement of the club head. This open stance and the over-the-yardstick stroke—these are the fundamentals that will make it easy for you to keep your chip right on the line to the pin.

Many golfers make the mistake on their short chips of assuming a square stance, keeping both feet perpendicular to the line to the target. The result is that the club head deviates from the straight line during the swing, and an inaccurate shot is the consequence.



NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: PETER THOMSON ON THE TAKE-AWAY

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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

by JACK O'BRIAN

Journal American

A TV CRITIC HEARS IBC-MAN POWERS AND CALLS FOR AN END TO DISTORTED FIGHT ANNOUNCING

THERE IS a slim chance the ringside announcer of the Channel 4 fight between Vince Martinez and Chico Varona may have been watching some other fightcast. Certainly the fight he called out of deep allegiance to the International Boxing Club, James D. Norris, president, was not the one we viewed via NBC.

Jimmy Powers indulged in aly insults at the prowess, fitness and other qualities of Vince Martinez, who curiously, no doubt, has been a rugged individualist in the face of the fistic monopoly of managers and promoters. Powers rapped virtually everything concerning Martinez which in our plain sight was happening in precisely the opposite fashion on NBC-TV.

Martinez was "rusty," Powers proclaimed, while Martinez plainly was dancing with polished precision through his usual wispy and elusive techniques and superior style. He even announced Martinez was a more successful boxer under the manager Martinez fired with the full blessing of the New York Boxing Commission.

Powers deprecated a clean and clear knockdown in the early rounds by explaining at painful length it was the result of Martinez' counterpunching, hinting Martinez was running away all the time, all but indicating cowardice instead of the colorfully clever manner in which Martinez really was winning his fight.

Powers even laid a little of the blame at the feet, or hands, or judgment of Referee Mark Conn, who was, he said, breaking clinches "too swiftly" to Martinez' advantage.

When Referee Conn warned Varona twice for foul punches, Powers indicated instead it was Martinez' fault, transparently explaining some other tactic entirely had caused the low blows.

He suggested Varona was "piling up points" when he was doing nothing of the sort; while in fact Martinez was.

He was regretful about the "rust" on Martinez stemming from inaction since last December, without explaining what every sports page reader knows was a simple educational program aimed at bringing Martinez to heel and accept the unwritten regulations of the boxing managers' "guilt," or guild.

As a lesson in disservice to us viewers, it may come in handy; we suspect the announcer's easily analyzed fight-club-slanted distortions will be clobbered by every sports columnist who witnessed the almost ludicrous oral exhibition.

Television now could stand entirely neutral ringside boxing experts of Tommy Loughran's superior sort; Tommy, a stubbornly literal as well as literate man, simply would have explained last night what was emphasized masterfully in the voting of judges and referee —that Martinez clearly and by a wide margin had outclassed, outboxed and outpunched Varona.

EYES ON THE FIGHT, PLEASE

We could use blow-by-blow experts whose loyalty is to the public and the simple truth so patently plain on millions of TV screens. Both eyes on the fight instead of one on Jim Norris would help.

We are not in any tiny fashion knocking sportscasters who are "rooters," as most baseball play-by-play boys are. Mel Allen is a frankly furious Yankee rooter and should be; it's fun for a Yankee fan to enthuse along with Mel or suffer with him through defeat or tight squeezes. Russ Hodges likewise. Red Barber, most literate and calmly discursive voice in radio-TV sports reporting, has had his spasms of delighted home-team observation with no one the worse for ethical wear. This is not what we deplore herein.

There are enough weighted panel shows on TV without such evasive exhibitions creeping into the field of sports, where we have a clear and simple argument to the contrary whenever someone says what has happened really hasn't; what is good, isn't; or what is good for IBC is best for Vince Martinez. END



"Actually, it was won by Coco."

HORSES

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE MOST COMFORTABLE TRACKS IN THE EAST—DELAWARE AND MONMOUTH—HAVE THE TWO BEST RACES FOURTH OF JULY WEEKEND

WITH A WIDESPREAD consciousness among racing people that today's tracks must be improved to meet the exacting demands of horsemen and fans alike and that tomorrow's tracks must be "super" in every respect, it is good to know that planners for the future won't quite have to start from scratch. They might, I think, learn a good deal by examining the layouts at Delaware Park and Monmouth Park, two plants efficiently run by sincere horsemen who have spared no effort to present the best possible racing in localities where it once was difficult to foresee any major racing at all.

The visitor to both these courses will immediately be impressed by the atmosphere of comfort and convenience which, while blazingly conspicuous at some other U.S. tracks, was hardly a point of eastern pride until the last decade. Clubhouses and Turf Clubs, to be sure, have always been in existence. But today grandstand patrons get the best view and eat the same good food as club members. A setup which accepts them as desirable guests is one of the primary reasons why increasing thousands of eastern city dwellers are taking their money and their hunches into the Delaware and New Jersey countryside.

Delaware Park is located seven miles southwest of Wilmington in beautiful, rolling country; Monmouth is situated near the ocean on what used to be a swamp at Oceanport. At both tracks the accent is definitely on special care —for the fan, for the horses, for the jockeys and even for the usually neglected stable hands. The latter are provided with dormitories and every imaginable recreational facility including movies and organized softball leagues. The jockeys' quarters at Monmouth, complete with a Finnish-type "sauna" hot room, may be the finest building of its sort in the country.

Delaware's emergence as a leading track is hardly a matter of simple good luck. Instead it is the product of careful planning by members of the Du Pont family who started the track in 1937 largely with steeplechasing in mind. From the start it has operated on a nonprofit system in which returns are quickly reinvested in the physical property (one example: the development by Photographic Director Lester Bernd of high-speed film patrol equipment which processes film in a record 48 seconds) or are added to the total purse distribution. Today's directors include two Du Ponts and more than a dozen other men who agree that they wouldn't want racing in Delaware unless the sport could be maintained at the highest possible level. Keeping it at that level involves meeting—and combating—fierce competition from New York and New Jersey.

"We are in a tough spot," says Vice-President and General Manager Bryan Field, "because of the existence of the 'circuit system.' You find your organized circuits everywhere—in Florida, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Maryland and California. Then, in addition to all your circuits, you have us—Delaware Park—competing for the best horses to come to a track which admittedly is off the beaten path."

One method by which Dslaware has kept up with the opposition (and also upheld the original precepts of the track's breeding-conscious founders) is to offer a quarter of a million dollars this year to winners of three individual stakes for fillies and mares only. Ths climax to this series, known as The Distaff Big Three, is this week's Delaware Handicap at a mile and a quarter for fillies and mares 3-years-old and upward for an estimated gross of $150,000—making it the richest race in the world for the distaff side. There were no fewer than 156 nominees for this rich stake, and if, as is expected, some 20 answer the call to the post, they will likely include such proven runners as Parlo, Cerise Reins, Gainsboro Girl, Lavender Hill and High Voltage.

Monmouth Park, now in its 10th year of operation under Amory Haskell (who is also the president of the Thoroughbred Racing Association), isn't staging any $150,000 stakes at the moment. However they've got a little $15,000 number—known as the Tyro Stakes—on the Fourth of July, which might turn out to be as exciting a two-year-old race as you'll find all season. The big attraction will be the meeting between Polly's Jet, unbeaten in all six of his starts, and Decathlon, victorious in all four of his. I daresay the winner of this five-and-a-half-furlong "natural" may rightfully be able to lay early claim to the two-year-old championship. END



"Actually, any old ball will do. It's just to sneak out of the house with in the evenings."

AAU TRACK MEET

continued from page 17

gamble in the final—to take the lead and keep it "if it killed me," to strike for world record claimant Lon Spurrier's 1:47.5 and take the awful consequences if he ran out of steam. His resolution deepened as the field lined up for the start. Spurrier drew the pole. Sowell ended up far out in lane seven.

He drove like a sprinter at the bang of the gun, angled across the face of the jostling pack, outran Spurrier for the lead, and was in lane one and in front as the field swept into the first turn. That, in effect, was the race. Sowell never faltered, was never challenged in all the two laps as Fordham's Courtney, Billy Tidwell of Emporia, Kansas, State Teachers, the Army's Lang Stanley and Spurrier fought for position in his wake. He sped through the tape with a three-yard lead in 1:47.6 just a tenth of a second off his goal. Courtney (1:48.0) and Tidwell (1:48.1) also beat Mal Whitfield's accepted world record. Stanley (1:48.6) tied it. Spurrier (1:48.7) was only a tenth of a second off. No non-American had ever run as fast as the first three men, and only one (Denmark's Gunnar Neilson) as fast as the fourth.

To indicate that the meet as a whole was conducted on this high note of triumph, however, would be inaccurate in the extreme. There were all sorts of mishaps and disappointments—but many of them had the effect of emphasizing how well the U.S. might be able to weather similar mishaps later on.

SOME NEW TALENT EMERGES

Jesse Mashburn of Oklahoma A & M, who won the NCAA quarter mile in a steaming 46.6, did not even show up for the AAU meet. But the quarter was duly won by Villanova's Charley Jenkins in faster time than any quarter has been run outside the U.S. all year.

Andy Stanfield, 1952 Olympic 200-meter champion, ran third in the 220 finals. But Pan-American Champ Rod Richard, the winner, was clocked in 21 flat around one turn. Although 13 U.S. runners have already bettered his mark on a straightaway this year, only one European, Vaclav Janecek of Czechoslovakia, has equaled it. There seemed, in fact, no end to the attrition which the big field of athletes was able to absorb without materially damaging the quality of performance. When Northwestern's Jet Jim Golliday, who equaled the world record with a 9.3 hundred-yard dash this year, came to Boulder with a painfully pulled muscle high in his left thigh, up stepped a brand-new phenomenon to thrill the crowd and dominate the hundred—rangy, crop-headed, 19-year-old Bobby Morrow, a freshman from little Abilene (Texas) Christian College.

Morrow came to the big time with a record as startling in its way as Golliday's. Three weeks ago in the NAIA meet at Abilene he ran the hundred (with a 7-mile tail wind) in 9.1 seconds. At Boulder he ran 9.5, but he did so in heart-stopping fashion. He came off his blocks badly in the 100-yard final and both Dean Smith of Texas and Pan-American Champ Richard led him by a half stride at 50 yards.

Nothing can be more disconcerting in the hundred, a race which is often won or lost almost at the instant it begins. But Morrow's smooth, hard driving stride simply seemed to lengthen. He was even at 80 yards and rolling like old 97 on White Oak Mountain when he hit the tape—one foot in front.

The high hurdles also provided a share of alarms and sensations. Illinois' Willard Thompson, a 13.7 performer, pulled a muscle and fell with an agonizing thud in a preliminary heat and defending Champion Jack Davis took two false starts in the final.

When calm descended, Milt Campbell, the University of Indiana's giant (203 pounds) halfback, decathlon star and hurdler, won the race in 13.9. He was not excited by his feat; when he was reminded that nobody outside the U.S. has come close to running that fast he cried: "Man, if you haven't got the 13.9 habit in this league, you're nobody, just nobody. Six, seven, maybe eight fellows could do that and there's all these kids coming up."

In the AAU meet, however, a few 17- and 18-year-old kids proved they were already "up." Nobody was able to match Compton, California's high school high jumping sensation, Charley Dumas, for sheer crowd appeal. Though only 18 years old, Charley jumped with USC's national champion (6 feet 11½ inches) Ernie Shelton.

Both Shelton and Dumas drifted up and over with leafy lightness at 6 feet 6 inches. They did so at 6 feet 8 inches. Then, at 6 feet 9 inches Charley knocked the bar down twice. When he made it on his last try and rose with a grin of vibrant joy, he was washed in cascades of applause. Refreshed, he jumped 6 feet 10 inches with ease. Shelton tried for 6 feet 11 inches. Charley breezily announced that for himself he preferred to try for a world record at seven feet. He missed. But Shelton, who had the right to feel slightly startled, had missed too at 6 feet 11 inches and Charley got a tie.

Moments of jollity did not stop with the high jump. UCLA's husky shot putter, Don Vick, absently lobbed his cannon ball into the steeplechase water jump and had to wade in and feel around for it while the stands cheered him raucously. Then too, there was the mile run starring Wes Santee—which, in its original manifestations looked like any other mile run, but which changed character as it went along. Sixteen entrants lined up (with Santee in the second row) for a standing start, were sent off, and began colliding with each other like neutrons in an atom smasher. As the runners went into the turn the starter signaled a halt with pistol shots, stopped them—some almost in the back stretch—called them back, gave them a five-minute rest and started them again.

Santee, certain that the altitude would prevent a four-minute attempt and apparently just as certain that the crowd might resent a hard-run but dull 4:05 or 4:06, started slowly.

He was 13th on second lap, ninth on the third and fifth—having pulled even with New York's Fred Dwyer—at the bell. Then on the first turn of the last lap he took off after the weary straggle of runners ahead of him. He sprinted all the way down the back stretch. He sprinted the turn. He came whomping up the homestretch with his ears still laid back and legs still pumping and hit the tape, amid delighted applause, in 4:11.5—having whistled through the last quarter in 54.4 seconds. During the afternoon he also patted the head of a child near the track, signed autographs, and left the stadium on a general note of warmth.

It remained for Parson Bob Richards, the unchallenged pole-vaulting champion of the world, however, to accomplish two separate and distinct feats of communication with the crowd. In the midst of the day's activities—while two 14 feet 6 inch vaulters were getting into a tie for second, and four 14-foot vaulters were getting into a tie for fourth, Richards left the pit and strolled out on the infield near the official's stand. There he picked up a microphone and made a dandy little speech on behalf of the Olympic Games fund. "When they pass these contribution boxes around why let's everybody put in $10," said he. (Loud laughter.) "I told you," grated the voice of the next announcer, "that he was a preacher." (More laughter.) Then Bob strolled back to the runway and vaulted 15 feet for the 77th time. END

BRAVE BULLS

continued from page 31

following statistics indicate. Investment in a bitch amounts to about $200; food costs 50 cents a day; shots, vitamins and veterinary bills average $400 a litter; and the stud fee is between $50 and $75, bringing the total investment up to $700. To raise four out of an average litter of six is good, and if these sold for $200 each, the breeder would have a return of only $100, without consideration of his own time and trouble.

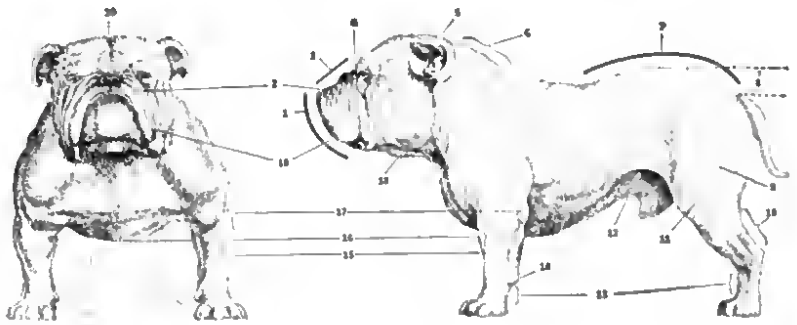
Why, then, do people bother with bulldogs?

There are many reasons. Pretty or not, the bulldog is associated in many minds with courage and determination —neither Winston Churchill nor the Yale football team has ever resented the bulldog comparison. In the case of Yale, pro-bulldog feeling goes considerably beyond symbolism. Since 1889, when Andrew Graves endowed the Yale footballers with a bulldog mascot named Handsome Dan, the team has never been without one. The original Handsome Dan is now stuffed and occupies an honored position in the trophy room of the Payne Whitney gymnasium. Handsome Dan VIII is alive and barking.

For the nonmstitutional bulldog owner, few pets have greater qualities of fidelity, dependability and—if necessary—bravery. While the bulldog may require greater care than some other breeds (exercise is essential), its amiability under stress, particularly the tail-tugging stress of children, makes its needs seem modest.

KIPPAX IS MOST PERFECT

Finally, for the breeder, the bulldog represents the world's greatest genetic challenge. The best-ever American-bred sire was Ch. Morovian Stormer's Draftsman, owned by F. M. Carmack of New Castle, Ind., which sired 23 champions. Ch. Kippax Fearnought—"Jock" to his owner, Dr. J. Saylor of Long Beach, Calif.—is the most nearly perfect specimen seen in America in years, but he is not American-bred. Brought to the U.S. from England in 1953, Ch. Kippax was shown 13 times before he won best-in-show at Westminster in New York last February. Now retired to stud, Jock is expected to contribute to the improvement of American bulldog stock. No value has been placed on him, for to the breed he is priceless. Priceless in the same sense as the bulldog the young Franklin Roosevelt called General Grant, or the bulldog Lord Byron named Nelson, or the bulldog that belongs to the little boy down the street. (END)



THE STANDARD BY WHICH BULLDOGS ARE JUDGED

The perfect bulldog is of medium size, weighs between 40 and 50 pounds, and has an appearance suggesting great stability, vigor and strength. Its disposition should be equable and kind, but resolute and courageous. Other points looked for in judging (*numbered in diagram above*) are: massive undershot jaws with good turnup (1); short lay-back between cushion and stop (2, 3, & 4); high-set ears, neither erect nor cropped (5); short, thick neck, arched at back (6); roached back, broad at the shoulders and narrow at the waist (7), tail straight or screwed, but short and hung low (8); strong and muscular thighs (9); hocks slightly bent and well let down (10); stifles turned slightly outward (11); well-tucked-up belly (12); short pasterns (13); straight forelegs presenting a bowed outline (14 & 15); capacious brisket and body (16); low elbows standing well out (17); head and face covered with heavy wrinkles, and two loose, pendulous folds forming dewlap (18); thick, broad, pendant chops, overhanging lower jaws (19); and a deep, furrowed groove running up the forehead between the eyes (20).



TROJAN BOAT CO., Lancaster 6, Pa.



impatient

Lost September I subscribed to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED purely out of curiosity. But the excellent writing, unforgettable pictures and unbiased reporting of *all* sports have now made me one of the impatient thousands who wait each week for their own private tour through sportsdom.
A tip of the hat to your great selection of guides for this tour—the writers and photographers.

Gerald Cherweznik, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



"THE LOAD," as Spitballer Roe calls the beads of saliva deposited in the meaty part of his left hand, is easily accessible to the index and middle fingers but sufficiently protected from the adverse effects of the gritty resin bag, which Roe may rub as a decoy.

PREACHER ROE

continued from page 21

a long time. You know, I ain't very quick. Then one day it came to me. Look, you try it. Put your left hand up on your forehead."

Roe got up to demonstrate.

"The meaty part is just in front of your mouth when your fingers touch your brow," he said from behind his hand. "Your two first fingers can just reach the meaty part. 'Spit on the meat,' I told myself, 'and when you move your hand up it looks good and natural like, like you're goin' to wipe the sweat off your forehead.'

"After that, it was just a matter of practice. I finally got so I could hit the spot on the move. Once in a while, I'd miss; not completely, but just enough so the spit would land down near my wrist. I even thought of a gimmick to fix that. Did you ever notice me snap my arm up over my head, and then bring it down sharp—like I was trying to get my arm loose? There was nothing wrong with the arm. I was snapping the spit down to where I could reach it with the flick of my fingertips. My wife used to worry when she saw me do that. She thought I was having arm trouble, until I told her what I really was doing.

"When I first started I thought I needed a trick to cover me up when I reached back with my fingers to get the spit. That's when I started tugging at my belt. Try that one, too. Stick your thumb down inside the beltline of your pants, and press the knuckle of your index finger on the outside of your belt. Clench your fist when you do it. That's the natural way to hitch your trousers. And it brings your fingers right where you want 'em.

"After I'd done that a while a lot of the boys thought I was getting the wetness from my belt. So that was another decoy. Sometimes I'd tug at the belt, and some of them would think the spitter was coming. Then I'd throw a fast ball past them, or catch them taking a curve."

What persuaded Roe to start using an illegal pitch?

"Why shouldn't I have?" Roe asked. "I was about through when I decided to get me the pitch. 'If I get caught,' I told myself, 'they'll kick me out. If I don't, I'm through anyway, so how can I lose?' "

That was in the winter of 1947—a fateful year for Roe. The previous summer he had won only four games for Pittsburgh while losing 15. Branch Rickey took a chance on The Preach, bringing him to Brooklyn along with Billy Cox in exchange for the aging Dixie Walker, and Vic Lombardi and Hal Gregg.

"Some people say Mr. Rickey made the deal with a gun," Roe said, "because it turned out so lopsided. But I think even Mr. Rickey doesn't know that it wouldn't have been such a good deal if I hadn't decided that winter to use my spitter."

It *was* pretty lopsided. With Roe's help, the Dodgers won pennants in 1949, 1952 and 1953.

"Maybe you wondered why the bases usually were empty when the other team hit a home run off me," Roe said. "That's because when I was in trouble, I'd use my money pitch. Oh, I'd throw it with the bases empty too, if it was late in the game and I was protecting a one-run lead, say, but mostly I'd use it in a real tough spot, with men on base.

"I remember one game at Ebbets Field, and against the Cardinals too. I had a 12 2 lead going into the last inning and both those runs were homers, then the Cards hit three more off me—each one longer than the other. After the third one landed upstairs in left-center, I turned around and waved toward Snider. I waved *up*. He moved a few steps to his right, thinking I wanted him to play over for the next hitter. I waved him back, then I pitched and got the last man out.

"After the game, Duke said to me:

" 'Hey, Preach. Wotinhell were you wig-wagging to me about?'

" 'I was trying to tell you that you weren't playing those guys *high* enough.' "

Roe chuckled, unperturbed by this ignominious memory.

"Another little thing I discovered," he said, "the spitter works better in warm weather. It seems to dry up quicker when it's cool.

"I never told any of these little things to the rest of the Dodgers, because I figured someday they might be traded, or maybe I would be, and then I'd get caught.

"No, I take that back; I did tell one man—my roomie, Billy Cox. We got about as close as two fellows can get, I guess, Billy and me, and there wasn't much we didn't know about each other.

"One night, while we were reading in bed, Billy put his paper down and said suddenly:

" 'Roomie, suppose they sell me. You gonna throw it to me?'

" 'What are you talking about?'

" 'You know damned well what I'm talking about,' he said. 'You gonna throw it to me?'

" 'You're darned right I am.'

" 'Well,' he said, 'go ahead, and I'll hit it out of sight.'

"I laughed and said: 'Would you tell on me? If you got traded, I mean?'

WHY 'PREACHER'?

How did Elwin Charles Roe get his picturesque nickname? Here is the answer as Roe tells it in his own words. "One day when I was three years old my Uncle Bathis (my daddy's only brother) asked me what my name was. I said to him, 'Preacher.' Don't know why I said that but it's stuck with me ever since."

"He snickered, turned out the light, and rolled over in bed. 'I reckon not,' he said."

Roe got a slightly worried look.

"I don't want you to get the wrong idea," he said. "Some boys really laid on my spitter and if they ever read your story I want them to know that I know I didn't *fool* 'em.

"Some of the guys used to hit it pretty good. A lot of my best have gone out of the park. Musial hit one back at me one day, and almost tore my head off. Del Ennis always hit the spitter good; probably better than anyone. It got so bad I had to throw fast balls and sliders to him because he hit the darned things so often. I used to give him nothing but the decoys, but I wouldn't give him the real spitter."

GUMWRAPPER CURVE

Roe lit another cigar.

"The guys on my team used to call it 'your Beech-Nut curve,'" he continued. "That's because of the gum. On the bench, between innings, I'd dig into my pocket for a stick of it, and say: 'I'm gonna get me a new batch of curve balls.'

"I don't know why Beech-Nut was better. There seemed to be something in it that would make the ball slicker than any other gum. If this is a testimonial, then they can have it for free. I'm just telling the truth. I tried every kind of gum, and tried that slippery elm, too, but nothing worked for me like plain old Beech-Nut.

"I found out something else about Beech-Nut. It was the only kind of gum that would make the ink on a ball fade, and I think that might have been what caused it to be the best.

"I reckon when it came to complaining, Luke Sewell was about the complainingest manager, and Sid Gordon the hollerin'est hitter. But the way Sid hit me, I never could figure out why he bothered to complain. Boy, he wore me out.

"That Sewell, though, he never did stop yelling to the umpires. He'd always have his hitters make the umpire call for the ball. He'd do it three and four times a game. I usually rolled the ball to the umpire, whether I had anything on it or not. That used to make Sewell madder, and he'd call me every name he could think of—and he could think of some honeys.

"One day, while Sewell was bawling from the Cincinnati dugout, Babe Pinelli, who was umpiring at second, sneaked up behind me and asked for the ball. It so happened that I didn't have it loaded, so I just handed him the ball. He looked at it, and hollered to Sewell:

" 'Stop yelling, Luke. It's dry as a 'coon's backside.'

"Al Dark is another good hitter who complained about the spitter. He used to team up with Leo Durocher to give me hell. I told Al that it was a screwball, *not* a spitter. He was too smart to swallow that, though. He knew it was a spitter, but he couldn't prove it.

"There's one thing I always wondered about, where Durocher and Dark were concerned. They never hollered at me when I pitched against Sal Maglie. Any other pitcher working for the Giants, and they'd beef about spitters; never when Sal pitched against me. I still think about that."

Roe, who had suited up and tossed a few just for old times' sake, came back and sat down.

"I was lucky because I made a lot of friends, not only on my own club, but on the others," he said. "I guess I could have been a mean sonuvabuck and knocked down hitters with my spitter. It would have been a mean knockdown pitch. But I figured I was on dangerous ground, just throwing an illegal pitch, and if I ever hit anybody with it, they'd really start clamping down on me. So I let well enough alone. I'd just brush a guy back once in a while with my fast ball.

"But, hell, that's all any man should do. You ain't out there to kill a body. And as long as you don't throw at a hitter, I know it ain't dangerous, spitters or knucklers or anything you got. I know when they outlawed the pitch in the old days they let guys like Burleigh Grimes go on using it till the end of their careers, just as long as they came up with it. They couldn't have been *too* scared of the pitch.

"I didn't come up from the minors with it and I guess you would say I was a criminal with it, sort of. But it wasn't my only pitch. You don't have to believe this, but I was a wild fastballing pitcher in my young days. Fact is, I could throw harder than most people thought when I was at my peak in Brooklyn. Folks used to make jokes about my 'hummer.' They'd say if it hit you in the nose it wouldn't blacken your eyes. I used to encourage them. It helped me fool batters with my fast ball. I didn't use it too often, but when I did, it wasn't had. Not bad at all. Just ask Campy. I struck out quite a few guys with my 'hummer.'

"But my spitter was my 'money pitch.' I'd save it till I was in a jam.

"Well, who cares now? I figure I made some good money throwing my spitter for Brooklyn. That's three World Series cuts too, you know. I have a nice home, a cabin just across the Arkansas border, a small boat house and I bought a good grocery business. Not bad for a little ol' country boy. I'm for spitballs. I like 'em." END



"Is that your final decision?"

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FOR THE PARALYZED

This is Ted Anderson, honor graduate of the University of California at Berkeley where he was city editor of the college paper.

Ten years ago, Ted was 2nd Lieutenant in combat in General Patton's Third Army in Germany. Just six hours after the crossing of the Rhine, a sniper's bullet got him through the neck. Ted was awarded the Silver Star. Since then he has been a quadriplegic, paralyzed from the neck down.

Paraplegia and Quadriplegia result from serious injury to the spinal cord. There are 100,000 Americans paralyzed from the waist or neck down after accidents on the highway, in industry, sports and military action.

In the first World War almost every soldier who sustained severe spinal cord injury died in the hospital. Today of 2,600 paraplegic veterans, from World War II and Korea, four out of five are able to use crutches or wheelchairs. More than seven out of ten paralyzed veterans are able to work at full or part time jobs.



TED ANDERSON

We know now there is a *road back* for the paraplegic. He is no longer written off as a helpless, bedridden-for-life paralytic. Chances for rehabilitation are good, however, usually only if the paraplegic is a war veteran, like Ted Anderson or Si Roseothal. Superb hospital care and individualized retraining await him at a Veterans Administration center. But if the victim is a civilian his chances of recovery are limited. Why? Because first-class private facilities are limited to a relatively few splendid pioneering institutions and most physicians encounter only a few badly broken backs in their entire careers.

That is why we have organized the All Sports Committee for the Paralyzed, to support the National Paraplegia Foundation begun by the Paralyzed Veterans of America. A group of foremost physicians working at leading medical schools administers all Foundation research grants. We want to see more doctors, nurses and therapists trained for this exacting field. We want more and better facilities across the country. Above all, we want more scientific knowledge of paraplegia. There must be more research devoted to its problems.

Our committee is asking every sport to cooperate—baseball, football, golf, racing, basketball, hockey and all the great games. Our campaign should enlist professional and amateur help from organizations large and small. Support will come in three ways:

1. Each home team will, we hope, permit the Committee to ask fans for contributions at events with maximum attendance.

2. Clubs, teams, arenas, and organizations may also make gifts and grants directly to the Foundation.

3. In many instances, leagues, associations and clubs have indicated willingness to hold special events with net proceeds donated to the Foundation.

This campaign is a fine opportunity for the sports world to render a great public service. More research, education and treatment resources are needed now. Preventive measures will be necessary so long as horrible highway, industrial, and sports accidents occur.

We hope you will want to take part. This work merits generous support. Any help you extend will be warmly appreciated.

Sincerely,

M. W. Corum

Bill Corum, Chairman
All Sports Committee

Mr. Bill Corum, Chairman
All Sports Committee for the Paralyzed
432 Fourth Avenue
New York 16, N.Y.

Dear Bill Corum:

☐ Our organization, the _____ will gladly arrange for the All Sports Committee to appeal to spectators at our game with _____

on _____ (day of week), _____ (date of mo.)

at _____ (time).

☐ We want to hold a special event for the benefit of the All Sports Committee

☐ I want personally to support the All Sports Committee. Enclosed is my gift of $_____ for research and professional education on spinal injuries.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Please make check payable to the National Paraplegia Foundation, Inc. All contributions are deductible from taxable income.)

SPORTS OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Lovers of the billiard table as well as of the chase, our Revolutionary forebears deserve the credit for establishing America's sporting heritage

ENJOYED by almost all but appreciated for what it is by only a few, America's sporting heritage is one of the finest legacies bequeathed by the Founding Fathers. Historians and political scientists have ransacked the Revolutionary period for the tiniest details of early American life, but for the most part they have had little to say concerning sports. Most people know that George Washington rode to hounds, but was that the extent of it?

By no means. Sports of all sorts were so popular in Revolutionary America that, in some sections of the young country, they were regarded as the devil's own doing. Much of this prejudice stemmed from New England (some early Puritan laws even prohibited walking through the fields on Sunday) but it was felt elsewhere as well.

This bias was so strong, in fact, that the First Continental Congress, convening at Philadelphia in 1774, passed an agreement calling upon the several colonies to "discountenance and discourage every Species of Extravagance and Dissipation, especially all Horse Racing, and all Kinds of gaming, Cock Fighting, Exhibitions of Shows, Plays and other expensive Diversions and entertainments." Ironically, the distinction of publishing the first sporting book in America, *The Sportsman's Companion*, apparently belongs to a member of the British expeditionary force which evacuated New York in 1783.

Happily, the sentiment against sport began to disappear after the Revolution. One of the main factors was President Washington's enthusiasm for the active life. In defiance of the bluenoses, Washington once took Thomas Jefferson, his Secretary of State, out to sea on a fishing expedition. No one raised a cry when they returned, not even the claim that they were spending time away from their official duties. To Washington, then, must also go the credit for setting the precedent of the sporting president.

Physically vigorous, an uncommonly fine rider and a fearless one, Washington held the reputation as the finest sportsman of his day, no small feat inasmuch as his fellow Virginians (in contrast to New Englanders) comprised, to use the happy phrase of Historian Sydney George Fisher, "a race of sportsmen, cock-fighters and fox-hunters." As befits one who was raised in the aristocratic Tidewater, Washington's greatest passion was horses. He not only bred them, raised them and raced them, but, like the classic Cavalier he was, bet on them. In 1773, to cite but one instance, at a time when a great number of colonists in both the North and South were fretting over the worsening conditions with England, Washington made a special trip from Mount Vernon to attend a race meeting at Annapolis. The records do not disclose whether or not Washington won, but it is a matter of record that when beaten he was always prompt to congratulate a rival owner upon his "success on the turf."

As one might expect, his love for horses often led him into fox hunting, and his diary bears frequent reference to the days when he "went a Fox hunting in the Neck." In January and February of 1769, Washington rode to hounds 15 times, one week on six successive days. We know the names of some of his hounds: Pilot, Musick, Countess, Truelove, Mopsey, Bell Tongue, Sweetlips and, perhaps prophetically, Trueman.

continued on page 66

SOME PATRIOTS AT PLAY

On the following pages Artist Joe Kaufman presents a gallery of Founding Fathers, each one indulging in a favorite sport. See if you can identify man and sport, then check the key which appears on page 66.




Joe Kaufman

FOUNDING FATHERS

continued from page 63

Although Washington had to abandon fox hunting during the Revolution (he sneaked in at least one game of wicket while at Valley Forge and cashiered a lieutenant for running a fast shuffleboard game), he returned to the field after the surrender at Yorktown. Thanks to his stepgrandson, George Custis, we are told that on a typical day at Mount Vernon, Washington and his house guests breakfasted by candlelight (with Washington downing corncakes and milk) and were in the saddle by sunrise. Washington, mounted on his favorite horse, Blueskin, wore a hunting coat, a scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top hoots and a velvet cap. He carried a whip with a long thong to handle the enormous stag hounds which he owned in addition to fox hounds. The stag hounds had been presented to him by Lafayette, his former aide and fellow billiard player (*he* introduced the French mode of play to America and was an expert fencer as well). One stag hound, Vulcan, was so huge young Custis rode him instead of a horse around the grounds of Mount Vernon.

A GENTLEMANLY LETTER

In later years Washington seems to have occupied considerable time with cards, billiards and shooting. He "went a ducking," as his diary attests and, as his enthusiasm grew, his generosity diminished. "My fixed determination is," he wrote to one Archibald Johnston, "that no person whatever shall hunt upon my grounds or waters. To grant leave to one, and refuse another would not only be drawing a line of discrimination which would be offensive, but would subject one to great inconvenience; for my strict, and positive order to all my people are, if they hear a gun fired upon my land to go immediately in pursuit of it." Then, as though his conscience were getting the better of him, Washington came to the point and admitted, "Besides, as I have not lost my relish for this sport when I can find the time to indulge myself in it . . . it is my wish not to have the game within my jurisdiction disturbed." While this may appear harsh to some modern readers, it was a fairly civil and gentlemanly letter in its day. Founding Father Button Gwinnett, that obscure signer of the Declaration of Independence whose signature is so rare that it once brought $51,000 at auction, threatened to prosecute "to the utmost rigour of the law" anyone who hunted or fished on St. Catherine's Island, Georgia.

While Washington was most certainly one of those fabled Virginians who would go five miles to catch a horse in order to ride him one, his fellow Founding Father Thomas Jefferson, though a fine horseman, later came to believe that the taming of the horse had resulted in the degeneracy of the human body and thus preferred walking for exercise. Reason and self-reliance dominated Jefferson's choice of sports. Family legend has it that when Jefferson was 10 years old his father presented him with a gun and sent him into the woods alone to develop his self-reliance. Unsuccessful in his search for game and undoubtedly miserable from homesickness, he finally ran across a wild turkey trapped in a pen. Employing what must be the first example of gamesmanship, Americana division, Founding Fathers' section, he tied the turkey to a tree with his garter, shot it, then carried it home to loud huzzahs.

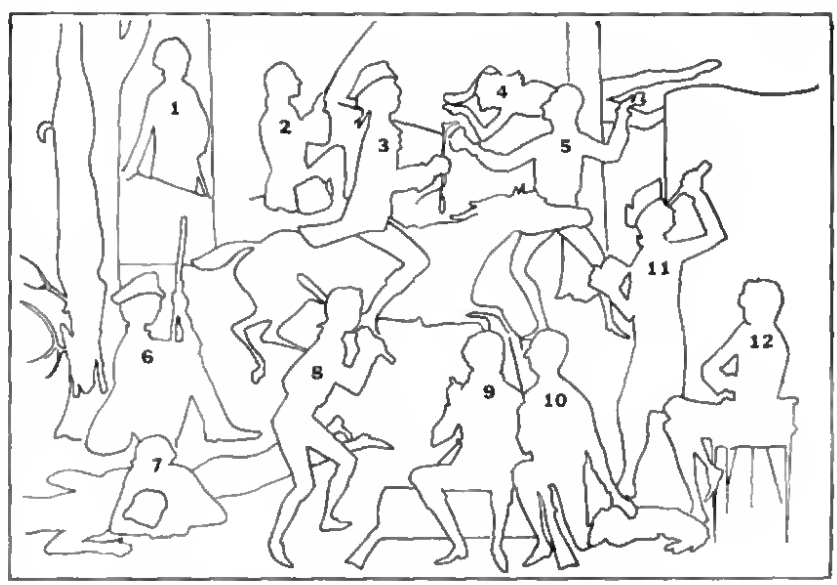
Jefferson chose his sports carefully, fully weighing the value of their mental discipline. He played chess (defined by an old sporting dictionary as "the most celebrated of all sedentary games, and not dependant upon chance. It is of early and eastern origin, and the favourite amusement of some of the most renowned monarchs"), backgammon and a game known as "cross & pile," a coin-tossing pastime.

"I don't know how good Jefferson was at those games," says Columbia's Professor Dumas Malone, a leading Jefferson authority. "They didn't have any contests in those days, but I suspect he was pretty good."

Jefferson studied at William and Mary, where he walked and ran for exercise. He also loved to swim. Once he swam 13 times across a millpond that was a quarter of a mile wide. He insisted upon bathing his feet each morning in a bucket of cold water, a practice which lasted at least 60 years. He claimed it prevented him from catching colds.

As a William and Mary student, Jefferson—along with other students—was automatically debarred from having any interest in race horses or even running a little handbook on the side. A college regulation of his time ordered that no scholar belonging to any school in the college "of what age, rank or quality, soever do keep any race horse at ye College, in ye town—or any where in the neighborhood—yt thay be not in any way concerned in making races, or in backing or abetting, those made by others, and yt all race horses kept in ye neighborhood of ye College, & belonging to any of ye Scholars, be immediately dispatched and sent off & never again brought back, and all this under pain of ye severest animadversion and punishment."

Like Jefferson, fellow Virginian



KEY TO FOUNDING FATHERS' GALLERY

1 Mad Anthony Wayne, billiard player. 2 Patrick Henry, fisherman 3 George Washington, fox hunter. 4 Benjamin Franklin, swimmer 5 The Marquis de Lafayette, fencer. 6 Ethan Allen, deer hunter. 7 Nathanael Greene, wrestler. 8 John Adams, ballplayer 9 Alexander Hamilton, hunter. 10 Gouverneur Morris, outdoorsman. 11 James Madison, bird watcher and nature lover. 12 Thomas Jefferson, chess player.

James Madison preferred the intellectual sports. He was so eager a nature lover and bird watcher that he often fell victim to his own enthusiasm—in later life Madison, possibly to the detriment of affairs of state, became greatly perturbed over *exactly how far north* the cardinal ranged. Virginia's Patrick Henry also fell victim to his own enthusiasm. He was, a contemporary wrote, "remarkably fond of shooting, fishing and playing on the violin." In fact he was so fond of shooting that early in his law career he often showed up in court fresh from the field, breathless and clad in hunting garb.

A SPORTING SOUL

In the Middle Atlantic colonies things weren't quite so free and easy as they were in the South. One had to watch one's behavior even if one were a prospective Founding Father. Benjamin Franklin, who certainly wasn't a prig by any standards, even succumbed to the pressure of his prudish neighbors. When he was struggling with his stationer's shop in Philadelphia, he displayed his frugality and industry to his customers and the community at large by literally selling his sporting soul. "I drest plainly," he admits somewhat sheepishly in the *Autobiography*. "I was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went a fishing or shooting."

This must have been very painful for Franklin. As a boy in Boston he had "delighted" in swimming and "had studied and practis'd all Thevenot's motions and positions, added some of my own, aiming at the graceful and easy as well as the useful."

Franklin had one chance to flash his swimming form. In 1724 he went to London to study printing and while there went for a dip in the Thames. "I stripped and leaped into the river," Franklin says without a blush of modesty, "and swam from near Chelsea to Blackfryar's, performing on the way many feats of activity, both upon and under water, that surpris'd and pleas'd those to whom they were novelties."

General Mad Anthony Wayne was a precocious lad who became an excellent billiard player while still in grammar school. When only 21, wrote Biographer Harry Wildes, Wayne "went on pigeon shoots and bagged more than his share of game; at cider frolics he talked knowingly about horses. At taverns, in late afternoons and evenings, he matched glass for glass with hardened drinkers, yet kept a head clear enough to play respectable backgammon, and nerves sufficiently controlled to make a run at billiards." Once the autumnal harvest had been reaped in Waynesborough, Mad Anthony would head for Philly on the gallop to attend the Jockey Club races. When the Revolution started, Wayne fought well and gallantly. He emerged alive, but, alas, as one might expect, Mad Anthony died with his boots off after an attack of the gout "in critical form."

In New York, Alexander Hamilton was to be seen roaming through the forests of Harlem armed with a single-barreled fowling-piece. If Hamilton failed to flush a woodcock, his grandson, Allan McLane Hamilton, related, "he found his way to the wooded shores of his estate in search of an occasional striped bass in the clear water of the North River."

The chance exists that as Hamilton fished he watched Gouverneur Morris sail by. Morris, who lost his left leg when 28 (he was thrown from a phaeton when he got too frisky with the horses), loved to sail around Manhattan and occasionally took a quick skim to Staten Island when the breeze was right. Morris also fished and hunted, fond as he was of "outdoor sports" since his boyhood.

A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE LIFE

In New England, John Adams daringly frolicked with "Bat and Ball" in Boston, while Nathanael Greene, later General Greene, led a rough-and-tumble life in Rhode Island. Greene was extremely fond of riding, and, after an absence from home, his first visit was always to the stable, a habit which no doubt piqued his wife and mother. A long-suffering victim of asthma, he nevertheless roughed it as much as he could. He swam. He ice-skated. He sailed. He loved running, jumping and wrestling. Greene suffered from a stiff right leg and once at a dance his partner remarked archly, "You dance stiffly." "Very true," replied Wrestler Greene, "but you see that I dance very strong."

But as virile as Greene was, no one in New England could come close to Vermont's Ethan Allen. Raised in the frontier atmosphere of the Vermont hills, Allen was a magnificent shot. His brother Ira has puzzlingly written of Ethan: "He was fond of hunting game in his youth, run after deer tired them down or turned them by often firing on them so as to kill them by night." Ira gets a little clearer when he gets down to cases: ". . . one day in Poultney he (Ethan) came across a company of Deer and killed one which he dressed hung up the Skin and Meat then to preserve that from the Ravens hung his hat on it and went on. He soon killed another deer; with that he left a short hunting Jaccoot and went on; killed another deer—with that left his Frock and went on and killed another—with that left his Breeches then pursued the deer and killed another—took the Skin about him and went to his camp."

Looking back today at the Founding Fathers, it is quite evident that sports had a deeply rooted place in the hearts of the men who established the U.S.

John Adams' simple game of bat and ball was the forerunner of the game which attracts 85 million Americans a year and is known as the "national pastime." If Hamilton were alive, there is no doubt but that he would be among the 15 million who keep alive the sport of hunting. And surely Washington would have been delighted to join the 50 million hardy souls who journey yearly to the race track. END



THE

ART

OF

SWIMMING,

MADE

SAFE, EASY, PLEASANT, AND HEALTHFUL,

BY

ATTENTION TO THE INSTRUCTIONS

HEREIN SET FORTH,

AMONG WHICH ARE,

How to go into the water . page 5
How to begin learning to swim ib.
How to return back swimming 6
To float with your face upwards ib
How to turn in the water 8
The turn called ringing the bells ib
Turning or riding round . . ib
To swim backwards . . . 9
To turn laying along . . ib
To make a circle . . 10
To turn in an upright posture ib
To advance with your hands joined 11
To swim on your side . . ib
To swim with both hands still ib
To swim with one leg in the upright bend . . 12
To swim like a dog . . ib
To beat water ib
To keep one foot above the water 13
To throw both feet 13
Suspension by the chin . . . 14
To tread water ib
How to change hand and foot ib.
To swim with your legs tied . 15
To creep ib
To sit in the water . . ib.
To cut your toe nails . . ib
To throw four parts of your body 16
To swim holding up one leg . ib.
To swim holding up both hands ib
To boost yourself 17
The leap of the goat. . . . 17
How to dive ib
The perpendicular descent ib.
To swim under water . . . 18
How to rise after diving . 19
To make a circle under water ib
The agility of the dolphin . ib.
How to fly a kite in the water 20

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

CAUTIONS TO LEARNERS,

AND

ADVICE TO BATHERS,

BY THE LATE CELEBRATED DR. BENJ. FRANKLIN

SWIMMING TREATISE by Ben Franklin was a *labor of love for statesman who once swam Thames.*

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO. ALL TIMES ARE E.D.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

July 1 through July 10

FRIDAY, JULY 1

Auto Racing
NASCAR short track race, Greensboro, N.C.

Baseball
● Chicago vs. St. Louis, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Fishing
Annual Catfish Derby, Savannah, Tenn. (until July 31).

Horse Jumping
World Championships, Aachen, Germany (until July 10).

Motorboating
Mississippi River 1,050-m. outboard marathon, New Orleans.

Sailing
PIY Assoc. regatta, Seattle, Wash.

Tennis
Mason & Dixon tournament, Greenbriar, W. Va. (until July 4).

Track & Field
Natl. AAU Decathlon championship, Crawfordsville, Ind. (also July 2).

Trapshooting
ATA western zone shoot, Casper, Wyo.

SATURDAY, JULY 2

Auto Racing
NASCAR short track race, Manassas, Va.
NASCAR midget race, Jersey City, N.J.
AAA stock engine races, Knoxville, Tenn.

Baseball
● Philadelphia vs. New York, Connie Mack Stadium, Philadelphia, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)
● Brooklyn vs. Pittsburgh, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
Ramon Tiscareno vs. Phil Kim, welterweights, Hollywood, Calif. (10 rds.)

Flying
Powder Puff Derby, Long Beach, Calif.-to-Westfield, Mass. (until July 6)
Western New York air show & races, Dansville, N.Y. (also July 3).

Golf
U.S. Women's Open final, Wichita CC, Kans.

Horse Racing
Delaware Handicap, $150,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds up, f & m, Delaware Pk., Stanton, Del.
● Dwyer Stakes, $50,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds, Aque-
● duct, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC*).
Governor's Handicap, $25,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Narragansett Pk., Pawtucket, R.I.
Vanity Handicap, $25,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, f & m, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
Warren Wright Memorial, $25,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.
Colleen Stakes, $20,000, 5½ f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J.

Motorboating
New England Waterways Jubilee, Boston (until July 4)

Rowing
Royal Henley Regatta, final day, Henley-on-Thames, England.

Soaring
Natl. Soaring Contest, Elmira, N.Y. (until July 14)

SUNDAY, JULY 3

Archery
Southeast NFAA regional championships, Montgomery, Ala. (also July 4).

Auto Racing
French Grand Prix & 21-hr. sports car race, Rheims, France
Wisconsin Grand Prix sports car races, State Fair Grounds, Milwaukee
NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., Asheville-Weaversville, N.C. Speedway

Baseball
● New York vs. Washington, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Motorboating
Inboard, outboard & stock utility races, Sand Point, Idaho.
Outboard races (regionals), Rupert, Idaho.

Rowing
Peoples Regatta, Philadelphia.

Skiing
Heather Cup giant slalom, Mt. Baker, Bellingham, Wash.

Track & Field
Natl. AAU sr. men's relay championships, Buffalo, N.Y.

MONDAY, JULY 4

Auto Racing
NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., Hub City Speedway, Spartanburg, S.C.
SCCA races, Beverly, Mass.

Baseball
● New York vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
● Milo Savage vs. Sammy Walker, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont*).
Sandy Saddler vs. Shigeji Kaneko, featherweights, Tokyo (10 rds.; nontitle).

Golf
British Open, St. Andrews, Scotland (until July 8)

Harness Racing
Coaching Club Trotting Oaks, $16,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old trotters, Goshen, N.Y.

Horse Racing
● Carter Handicap, $50,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Aqueduct, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (ABC).
American Handicap, $50,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
Stars & Stripes Handicap, $25,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.
Sussex Handicap, $25,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Delaware Pk., Stanton, Del.

Motorboating
Pacific 1-design hydroplane championships, Long Beach, Calif.

Motorcycling
Natl. 75-m. road race, Dodge City, Kans.

Sailing
Transpacific YC biennial 2,200-m. race, San Pedro, Calif.-to-Honolulu.
Puritan Cup Race, Marblehead, Mass.

Skiing
Giant slalom (all classes), Mammoth Mt., Nev.
Mt. Marathon race, Seward, Alaska.

Tennis
USLTA jr. hard court championships, Burlingame, Calif. (until July 10).
Western clay court championships, Detroit (until July 10).
Western Tri-State championships, Cincinnati (until July 10).

Track
Natl. AAU sr. 20-kilo run, Needham, Mass.

TUESDAY, JULY 5

Auto Racing
AAA 200-m. big car race, Darlington, S.C.

Tennis
Spring Lake Invitation, Spring Lake, N.J. (until July 10)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6

Baseball
● Detroit vs. Chicago, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
● Floyd Patterson vs. Archie McBride, heavyweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Sailing
Quincy Bay Race Week, Quincy Bay, Mass. (until July 10)
Swedish Royal YC 125th Anniversary Races, Marstrand, Sweden (until July 11).

THURSDAY, JULY 7

Baseball
● New York vs. Philadelphia, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bicycling
Tour de France begins (until July 30).

Golf
St. Paul Open, St. Paul, Minn. (until July 10).

Harness Racing
Goshen Cup, $10,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-old pacers, Goshen, N.Y.
Free-for-all Pace, $10,000, 1 m., Baltimore.

Horse Racing
Charles S. Howard Stakes, $25,000, 5½ f., 2-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

FRIDAY, JULY 8

Handball
World Championships, Dortmund, Germany (until July 10)

Harness Racing
The Titan, $10,000, 1 m., free-for-all trot, Goshen, N.Y.
Governor's Cup, $10,000, 1 m., free-for-all trot, Northville, Mich.

SATURDAY, JULY 9

Auto Racing
Leinster Trophy Road Race, Formula I & sports cars, Leinster, Eire.

Baseball
● New York vs. Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)
● Milwaukee vs. Cincinnati, County Stadium, Milwaukee, 3:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf
U.S. Public Links tournament, Coffin Mun. GC, Indianapolis (until July 16).

Horse Racing
Michigan Mile, $50,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Detroit
● Brooklyn Handicap, $50,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds
● up, Aqueduct, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
Westerner, $50,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
Arlington Lassie, $50,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.
Molly Pitcher Handicap, $25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, f & m, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J.

Lawn Bowling
American Lawn Bowling Assoc. Central Division tournament, Chicago (until July 13).

Motorboating
Block Island 104-m. predicted log race, N.Y.

Swimming
Natl. AAU jr. men's 880-meter freestyle, Rockford, Ill. (also July 10).

Track
Jubilee Week 10-m. road race, Portsmouth, N.H.

SUNDAY, JULY 10

Baseball
● New York vs. Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Rowing
Mid-Hudson Regatta, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

*See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

10, 12—drawings by Ajay. 18—George Harris Black Star. 19—Mark Kauffman. 20, 21—George Harris Black Star. 22, 23—AP, Carroll Van Ark. 24—top, Mike Freeman Miami Daily News; bottom, International. Bert Morgan (2). 25—top, Bert Morgan; bottom, Hy Peskin. Bert Morgan. 28, 29—Fabian Bachrach. 31—left Mary Eleanor Browning, Walter Chandoha (2), FPG; right Alfred Eisenstaedt Pix, Walter Chandoha (2), FPG. 32—Ray Jewell. 33—Brad Bloomer. 34, 35—top left John W. Hendrikson Lydia Edes; 34, 37—top, Brad Bloomer, Lydia Edes; Dick Blair, Lydia Edes; bottom Irving Johnson (2). 38—left, Lydia Edes (2); right, Brad Bloomer, Irving Johnson. 39, 40—Irving Johnson. 43—map by William Bernstein. 45, 46—Gene Pyle. 50—International. 51—Yale Joel. 58—drawing by J. R. Tackett. 60—George Harris Black Star. 66—diagram by William Bernstein. 67—Richard Hartt. 72—Robert Heimi. UP.

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

WELL DONE!

SIRS:

JOHN BENTLEY'S ACCOUNT OF LE MANS (SI, June 20) WAS SUPERIOR REPORTAGE

KEN PURDY

WILTON, CONN.

MATURE COMMENT

SIRS:

YOUR PRESENTATION IN SI (June 27) OF THE U.S. OPEN IS TERRIFIC. AT LONG LAST YOU HAVE REACHED YOUR MATURITY.

BILL PRATT

QUINCY, MASS.

BEN & INFINITY

Sirs:

Ben Hogan may have been more truthful and less modest than he perhaps realized when he referred to himself as "nothing divided by nothing" (SI, June 20). Nothing divided by nothing (zero-over-zero) is an indeterminate fraction and can indicate anything from zero to a billion and beyond (with negative quantities thrown in too, if you want). Ben's "nothing divided by nothing" may have been pretty small at the time he referred to, but right now it is approaching infinity; he is clearly established as the greatest golfer of all time.

ALBERT NORRIS
Chairman
Mathematics Dept.
Milton Academy
Milton, Mass.

THE LITERATE SPORTSMAN

Sirs:

It is interesting to note how greatly his avid interest in sports has helped make my son, David (almost 8), a good reader.

The sports pages of the daily newspapers and the bubble-gum baseball cards are eagerly read and reread. But SI is the special favorite—and he devours it each week.

This education by sports-reading is not without its complications. For instance, the other day Dave asked me, "Do they have earned run averages in golf?"

"Not as far as I know, Dave, why?"

"Well, look here, it says the Hogan ERA was one of the greatest in golf. . . ."

AB SIOEWATER

Philadelphia

CALIFORNIA CALLING

Sirs:

Mr. William Woodward of New York and Florida is an intelligent man, indeed. He has shown his canniness and horse sense by declining to send a colt he owns, Nashua by name, all the way to the province of California to run over a strip of ground against a magnificent animal that goes by the name of Swaps.

If I were Mr. Woodward, I would follow the same course. As long as he stays in the East, his horse can win one big purse after another and not have to worry about a thing. It is a fact that this year's crop of 3-year-olds in the East is one of the most mediocre in many years.

I know the Messrs. Ellsworth, Tenney and Shoemaker must have watering mouths dreaming about another chance to administer a licking to Nashua. If by some slip on the part of the canny Mr. Woodward, he were to sanction a match between his pretender and the king, I want to be the first to predict a victory for Swaps by a minimum of four lengths!

Again, though, let me congratulate Mr. Woodward. For indeed, he is a wise man.

NATE FRIEDMAN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

● Mr. Woodward and Nashua will be in Chicago this month, where they will be seeking victory in the Arlington Classic on July 16. He has said publicly that he hopes and expects Nashua to meet Swaps in a match race there. Swaps is also due in Chicago for the American Derby on Aug. 20.—ED.

SPECTATOR SPORT

Sirs:

When Mr Bayard Ashcroft's letter, *Boston Bird Watcher Walks With His Hero*, appeared in your publication (SI, March 21), several of my friends urged that I write an article in "defense" of girl watching (as opposed to bird watching). I resisted on the ground that girl watching doesn't need defending against bird watching. We are not at war. True girl watchers no more oppose bird watchers than violinists oppose cellists or plasterers oppose plumbers.

However, with the continuing appearance of articles on and references to bird watching in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I am moved to clarify the girl-watching position.

First, I hasten to declare that some of my best friends are bird watchers. Indeed, some of my bird-watching friends are *girl* watchers!

The only point over which girl watchers and bird watchers sometimes disagree is the place each holds in the hierarchy of hobbies. Naturally, or I should say *personally*, I contend that the unexpected observation and quiet contemplation of a Late-Rising Pubthrush (for example) is a more rewarding experience than the sight of a Blue-Billed Barnswallow (if there is such a bird) rising from a thicket.

Yet I wouldn't carry this argument beyond the simple statement of my stand. After all, the butterfly collector thinks that both girl watchers and bird watchers are missing *everything*.

I believe further that there is very little reason why girl watching should be compared with bird watching in the first place. For one thing, bird watchers are concerned primarily with bird identification and only secondarily with the bird as a bird. The opposite is true of girl watchers. Whether the species is an Argyle-Ankled Classcutter or a Wide-Eyed Culturebug is of less importance than whether she is *beautiful*. In other words, a bird watcher may be crushed and demoralized when he fails to identify a purple bird with a yellow spot between

continued on next page



"And try to catch some jellyfish for the children, dear."

19th HOLE *continued from page 69*

her eyes, while a girl watcher will be both delighted and fulfilled by the vision of a beautiful redhead (even though he may not have the slightest idea whether she is a Carrot-Topped Minkmiser or a Flame-Tressed Tablehopper).

For another thing, the field trip is more important to bird watchers than to girl watchers. While the bird watcher is always on the alert for the out-of-place or the out-of-season, he is happiest when he is watching *officially*. Constant alertness, on the other hand, is basic to the very nature of the girl watcher. The field trip is but an occasional, almost casual, aspect of his hobby.

DON SALERS
President
American Society of Girl Watchers, Inc.
Tucumcari, N.M.

A PROBLEM THAT NEEDS ATTENTION

Sirs:

I add my thanks to those of millions of Americans who rejoice over the much-needed public service you have rendered through your June 13 article by Wallace Stegner, *We Are Destroying Our National Parks*. Mr. Stegner shows both knowledge and understanding of a problem which, as he points out, needs attention on a nation-wide scale.

I am sure you can increase the effect of this article by sending a marked copy to every senator and representative concerned with appropriations and legislation affecting our national parks and monuments.

Sixty million dollars a year seems like an insignificant amount to spend on the preservation, rehabilitation and interpretation of one of the greatest national assets we have. The gentlemen in Congress should understand the importance of a balanced nature as well as of a balanced budget. Please continue the good work.

ODD S. HALSETH
Phoenix, Ariz.

● Mr. Stegner's article has been read into the Congressional Record by Senator Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon. —ED.

EX-PAR 6

Sirs:

This is to advise you and our friends on Eniwetok (19th HOLE, June 20) that our modest little golf course at the Elks Country Club in Council Bluffs, Iowa had a 615-yard hole, par 6, for many years.

Due to much beefing, it has been shortened this year, and for my part, it just "ain't the same." That old hole had a distinction all its own.

MRS. HAL BERNER
Council Bluffs, Iowa

MYSTERY MAN

Sirs:

I have heard from many people about some mysterious golfer in southern California who has piled up an incredible number of aces on various golf courses. I was therefore delighted to see a picture of this man in your June 20 issue of SI.

I think this is a far greater accomplishment than breaking course records, which are again broken the next year or the one following that. I have played rounds of golf on many courses throughout the world and during 40 years of active golfing have made but two holes in one.

This feat of Jim East is one that, I dare predict, will never be equaled and makes me wonder why more acclaim has not been given this man.

HERMAN PINETTI
Washington, D.C.

68 SKATING SEASONS

Sirs:

Mr. Keighley's letter, with the addenda by the editor (19TH HOLE, June 13), helped fill the void surrounding the name of Jackson Haines.

For close to half a century I have done my bit in American figure-skating circles to emphasize Haines's lasting importance as the American skating king. With him the renascence of skating started.

Figure skating is the only sport without age limit. I am 76, but skate three or four times a week and can give a quite respectable performance—of course, minus Double Axels and Haines Spins (*see cut*). The past winter was the 68th of my skating seasons.

OSCAR KLAUSNER
Detroit



OSCAR KLAUSNER ON ICE

SECRET WEAPON: EARLY MODEL

Sirs:

Color in the Dust (SI, June 20) brought back memories of my own favorite aggies and moonies and those things so long forgotten. I spent an hour just looking at the illustration. But where was that secret weapon every "dirty operator" had in his marble bag—the STEELIE?

JAMES SENTZ
Woodside, N.Y.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Sirs:

Have just read *Color in the Dust* and, as an old marble player (circa 1909-1914), I was much interested—some might call it nostalgically so.

We had shooters then that took some time to get established. Most of our fathers worked in machine shops and brought home worn-out ball bearings (steel) which would knock the miggles galley-west.

Your illustration has the shooter knuckling down. That way he puts a backspin on his aggie, though we didn't know it as such. We just knew it kept you in the ring and from there on all was yours for "keeps." If anyone else's aggie was in the ring, it was yours too, and he was done for.

I forget what they called shooting from the end of the thumb but it seems to have had a sissy connotation. Would ball bearings be admitted in competition today?

Thanks for recollections of a lot of fun on the mile or two between school and home.

WILLIAM CAVANAUGH
Scranton, Pa.

● Shooting from the end of the thumb was called "cunnythumb." The method did have a "sissy connotation" once, but is now used by the experts because it allows better control. Steelies have never been allowed in tournament play; in fact some rule books state that marbles may be made of "any substance except metal."—ED.

GLASS JEWELS

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on marbles and offer the following.

When I was a youngster, 40 years ago, we didn't play "Ringer," but rather "Bunny in the Hole."

Since what we called "glassies" cost 5¢ apiece, I used the clay mibs which I could get 12 for a penny.

Remembering this, I began 10 years ago picking up glass marbles I found on the street on my five-minute walk to work. I have just given my total gleanings to my 9-year-old son. Altogether, in following the same short route for seven years, I picked up 746 glassies the kids had lost while standing on opposite sidewalks and pegging them at each other.

As a lad, I would have worked hours for just five of those jewels, and treasured them more highly than my frog, broken-bladed knife, model biplane, or picture of Lindbergh. I wish I were young enough to take those 746 and try to build them into 1,000 in neighborhood competition.

H. S. RIBBY
Lynn, Mass.

TRACK WITHOUT WHISKERS

Sirs:

Being a high school trackman myself, I read your EVENTS & DISCOVERIES column on track's beardless record breakers (SI, June 20) with interest. Since the Melbourne Olympiad is almost a full year and a half away, these young phenoms have ample time to ready themselves for astonishing performances down under.

GENE RODGERS
Moorestown, N.J.

CORRECTION DUE?

Sirs:

In the May 23 issue of SI I came across the article on Sam Jones's no-hitter. According to your magazine this was the 93rd no-hitter since 1900. This didn't sound correct to me so I looked it up in the Baseball Almanac, and sure enough it had 96 no-hitters listed. Jones's made it 97. I believe that a correction of your error is due for the many baseball fans who read your magazine.

JOHN MONTEFUSCO
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● SI's baseball statistician ignored five no-hitters pitched in the Federal League in 1914 and 1915 because the Federal League was not recognized as a major league. He also included a no-hitter pitched in 1900.—ED.

EXERCISE FOR OOOOES

Sirs:

You are undoubtedly right in saying (SI, June 20) that the British pay little attention to American criticism of cricket. In fact, they must be somewhat amused by it. Our own national sport is baseball. Baseball is well constructed for watching. For sand-lot use it also has the advantage of requiring little equipment. But as exercise, it is strictly for the *dodoes*.

The physiologist who checked the energy consumption in cricket ought to check baseball. An outfielder ambles back and forth to his position, accepts three or four chances, and stands several times in a threatening attitude at the plate. Exercise?

People who want exercise along with their recreation will swim or play soccer or tennis.

EDWARD L. GORDY

Evanston, Ill.

BRUTES, BEASTS & BROADS

Sirs:

The seven answers to the question, "What is the basic appeal behind professional wrestling?" (HOTBOX, June 20) were all interesting, but there's plenty more to be said on the subject.

The ripple of a manly bicep does the same thing for a woman that the toss of a feminine hip will for a man. But it goes deeper than that, clear down to maternal complexes. Let's pick a gorgeous critter who can bring a flutter to the most implacable old maid's heart. His opponent is a gargantuan brute, a genuine simian type. Our hero flattens the brute, but his advantage is only momentary. The brute hauls himself together and resorts to every cheap trick—hair-pulling, eye-gouging, etc. Suddenly a shrill scream pierces the air. Is it a Comanche? An air-raid siren? Neither! It's some gal, shoe in hand, galloping down the aisle. She lets fly, missing the brute but smacking a surprised gentleman on the other side of the ring flush on the kisser.

This sort of thing happens all the time. Only recently, at our arena, this particular broad was followed down the aisle by her harried husband, who finally caught up with her and threw her over his shoulder, fireman style, to cart her back to her seat. You see fidgety dames in the front rows, afroth with hero worship one minute, their eyes afire the next with a hatred only a lady wrestling fan can feel.

When George and Bobby Becker were in their heyday as a tag team—Bobby died a few months ago—their lady admirers enjoyed making clothing for their children.

Sandor Szabo, a Hungarian hearty, once was gifted with a diamond wrist watch that set these women back $5,000.

Baron Michele Leone, long-haired Italian show-off, is a favorite of the fans, being possessed of an uncanny knack for stimulating emotions. One night, he was principal with Lord James Blears when two of the spectators, both men, suffered heart attacks, one dying on the spot and the other a few hours later. His fans ignore his brutishness and elect to shower him with gifts of all descriptions.

Another villain in whom the female fans detect a glimmer of goodness is Lord Carleton, the beast of Britain who glowers down his nose at his opponents with seathing disdain. An admirer recently knitted him a pair of socks with his family crest on them.

Then, of course, there's Gorgeous George. Lady fans have given him enough perfume to float the battleship *Wisconsin*.

HAL GARTNER

Owner, Valley Garden Arena

North Hollywood, Calif.

● Phew! That's a lot of perfume. The *Wisconsin's* displacement is 45,000 tons.—ED.

MANY GOOD BOATS

Sirs:

I was pleased to read Robert Bavier's article in the June 13 issue of your magazine, and was particularly interested in his remarks about *Baruna* and her chances in next month's race to Honolulu.

There are too many good boats in this race for us to feel smug, but we all feel we have an excellent chance of making a creditable showing for a boat which has already won her share of prizes on the East Coast.

EVAN T. PUGH

San Francisco

● Mr. Pugh is a San Francisco businessman and a member of *Baruna's* crew. —ED.

UNFORGOTTEN WORLD

Sirs:

I am one of the many horse lovers who read your magazine. I feel that you have been paying too much attention to horse racing and race horses and have forgotten about the rest of the horse world.

Horse shows, rodeos and other equine events are always going on. Surely these happenings must be classified as sport.

Let's see some more articles for riders and horse lovers.

HAROLD COHEN

Brooklyn

● In the works are plans for stories on polo, Tennessee Walking Horses, a horse show or two, Quarter Horses, a famous stable and the Hambletonian. Maybe they won't *all* appear, but most of them will.—ED.

YOU CAN'T HAROLY GET THEM ANY MORE

Sirs:

I wonder if any of the old-timers among your readers may be able to tell me where any Reach or Spalding Baseball Guides are obtainable? I am a baseball bibliophile and I need some of the books (published yearly from 1876 to 1941) to fill out a set.

I am sure the guides are familiar to the baseball fans who can go way back, and perhaps they can tell me where the more elusive copies might be turned up. If any of your veteran baseball followers can help in this quest it would be greatly appreciated.

WILLIAM PUCKNER

Guttenberg, N.J.

UNDERCOVERAGE

Sirs:

Will you please ask your editors to provide some real rowing coverage?

Your coverage of that sport is unusually bad. I'll be glad to recommend some experienced writers in this field.

F. H. GUTERMAN

New York

● But there have been six rowing stories in the last four issues, *i.e.*, the piece on Rusty Callow (June 6); *Orphans Victorious* (E & D, June 13); a four-page SPECTACLE, plus *Collegians, Man Your Oars*, plus *Harriman at Yale* (June 20); and a report on the Syracuse regatta (E & D, June 27). —ED.

DREAM BOOK

Sirs:

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR is missing from the June 20 issue. I hope you don't mean to eliminate this feature.

Even if I can't go fishing, I can dream, can't I?

JESSE EHRENHAUS

Cedarhurst, N.Y.

● The tragic news from Le Mans crowded FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR out of the June 20 issue, but it's back now. —ED.



"Cereal, orange juice and coffee, folks! Get your breakfast here! Cereal, orange...."



PAT ON THE BACK

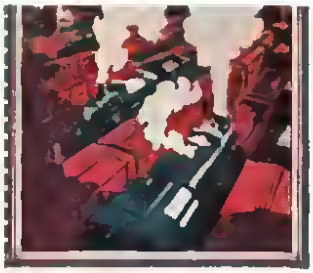
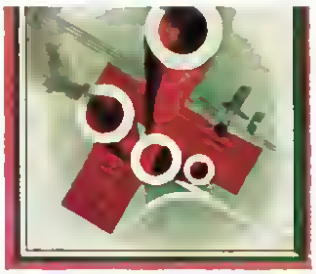
PAUL O'SHEA

A 28-year-old New Yorker, Paul O'Shea, has always tinkered with cars and built the first one he ever drove by compounding a makeshift motor out of an old washing machine. He took up sports car racing casually five years ago, now enters about 10 races a year. He scored his first victory at Vero Beach, Fla. in 1951, winning a one-hour endurance race and finishing second in a 12-hour race the same day. On May 29 this year, Paul drove a Mercedes 300SL to victory at Thompson, Conn. and set a new lap speed record in the process. Earlier this year at the Sebring, Fla. 12-hour sports car race Paul piloted a tiny Porsche Spyder to victory in the Class G event.



JAMES DEAN

A 24-year-old Californian, James Dean burst into sudden prominence this year as one of Hollywood's top young movie actors with a sensitive performance in *East of Eden* that drew critical raves. Last March he burst equally suddenly on the sports car world as an accomplished driver. At Palm Springs, racing for the first time in his life, Jim drove a white Porsche to victory in an under-1,500-cc. race. The next day he entered the finals and further surprised racing bugs by finishing a strong second in his strictly stock Porsche, trailing a souped-up MG model. Despite the nervous objection of his studio, Dean continues to compete in West Coast racing.

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Fortune

(Fortune's Editorial and Advertising offices are at 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.)

Fortune's first issue was February 1930. The covers shown here are from a number of the February issues published since.



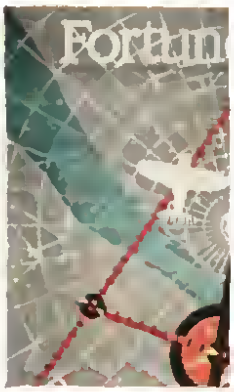




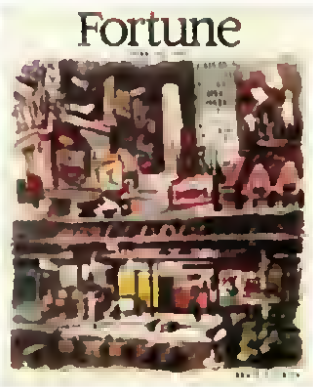



















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